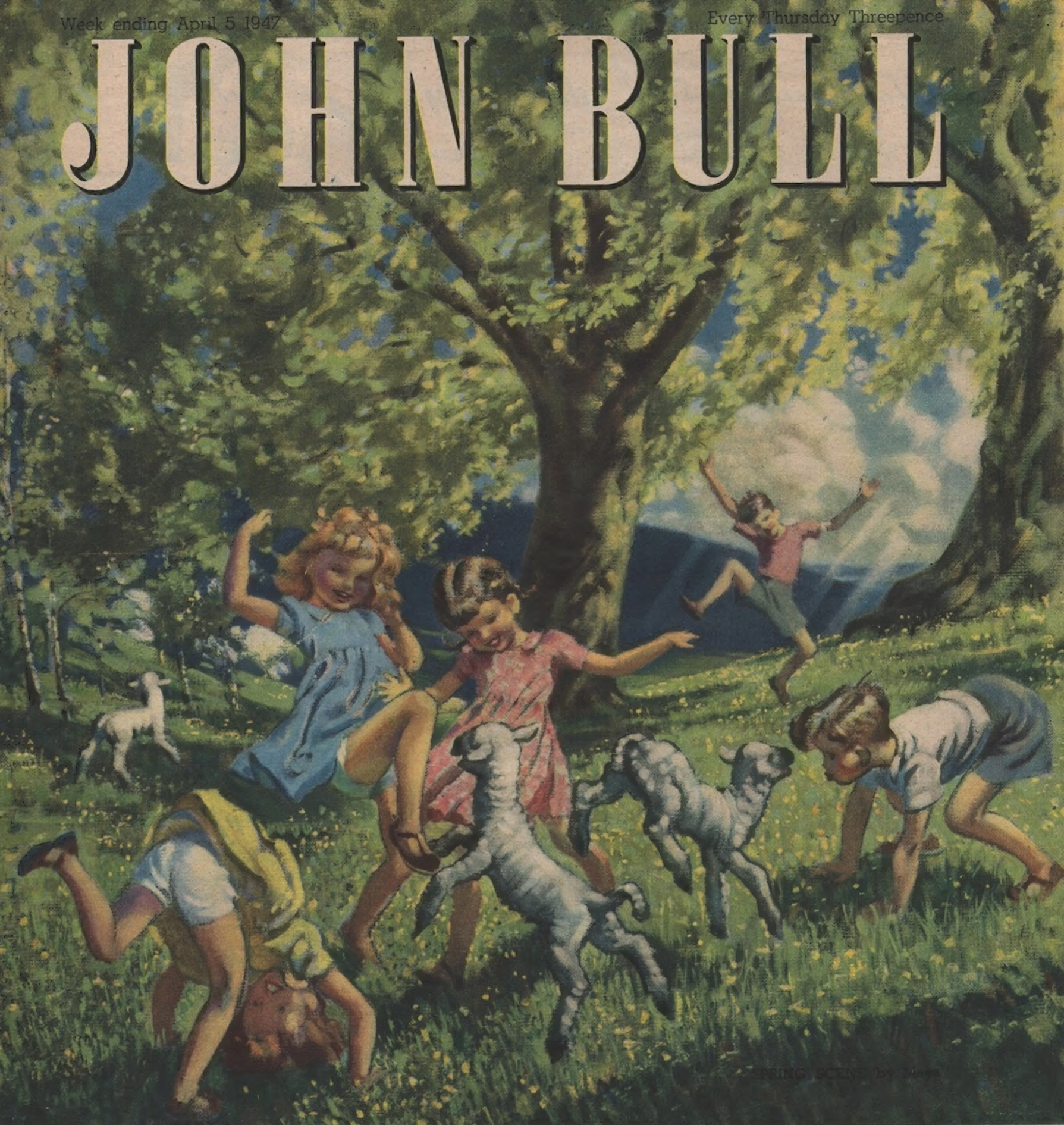
Week ending April 5 1947 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



BOY OR GIRL—When Will Parents Choose?

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

SEE CENTRE PAGES

fanfare for Fish!

How many ways do you know of serving fish? Several no doubt. But just look at these suggestions; there's almost bound to be at least one that's new to you. That's the great advantage of fish. In itself it's a tasty and nourishing food and it gives you ideal main-meal dishes in almost endless variety. Try this Fish Shape; and if you would like detailed recipes of the other dishes described, send a postcard for "Fish Dishes" to Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

Fish Shape

INGREDIENTS. *1 lb. cooked white fish, 1½ lb. mashed potatoes, 1 level teaspoon curry powder, ½ level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 level teaspoon salt, a few bay leaves and some parsley to garnish. A little paprika pepper.*

Remove any skin and bones from the fish before mixing it with the potatoes, curry powder, mustard and salt. Turn on to a flat fireproof dish and, using two knives, mould to the shape of a fish, making a hole for the eye, to be filled with parsley after cooking. Bake in a very hot oven until brown, about 10 minutes. Insert bay leaves for the fins. Decorate with paprika pepper. Serve hot.

Cod Steaks a l'Americaine

The cod steaks are baked, then masked with mustard sauce. The garnish of chopped pickle or strips of gherkin adds piquancy; cooked carrot or tomato strips add appetising colour.

Fish Flan

1 lb. flaked steamed white fish is mixed with the paprika sauce, heated through, then filled into a hot flan case which has been baked "blind."

Oven-Fried Fish

Fish coated with egg and breadcrumbs (reconstituted dried egg) is put into a shallow baking dish, in which a knob of fat has been melted, and baked in moderate oven for ½ hour.

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MORTGAGES	£90,303,943
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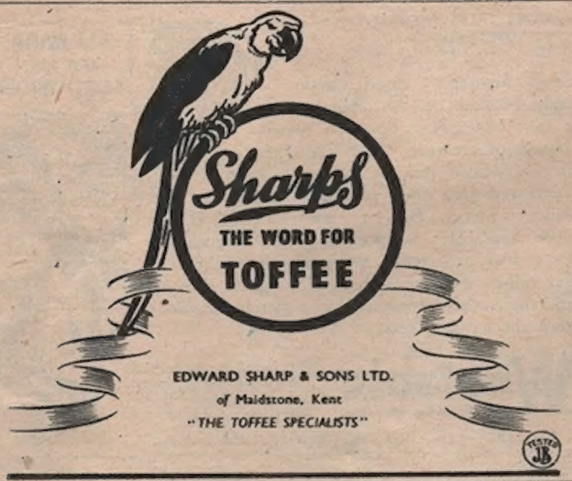

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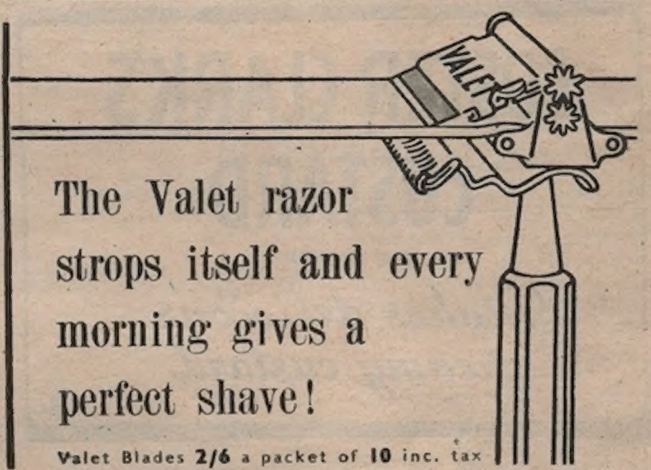

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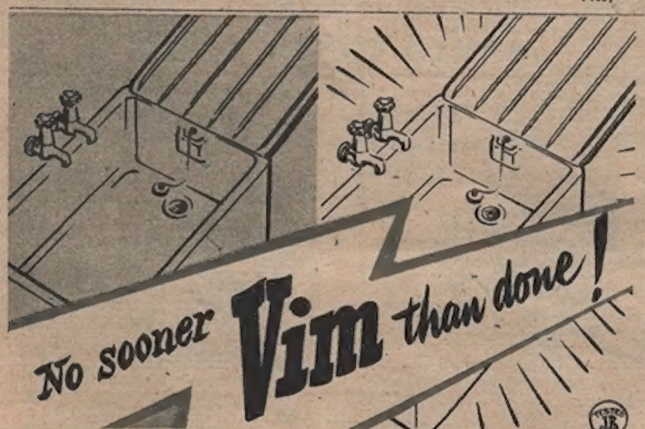

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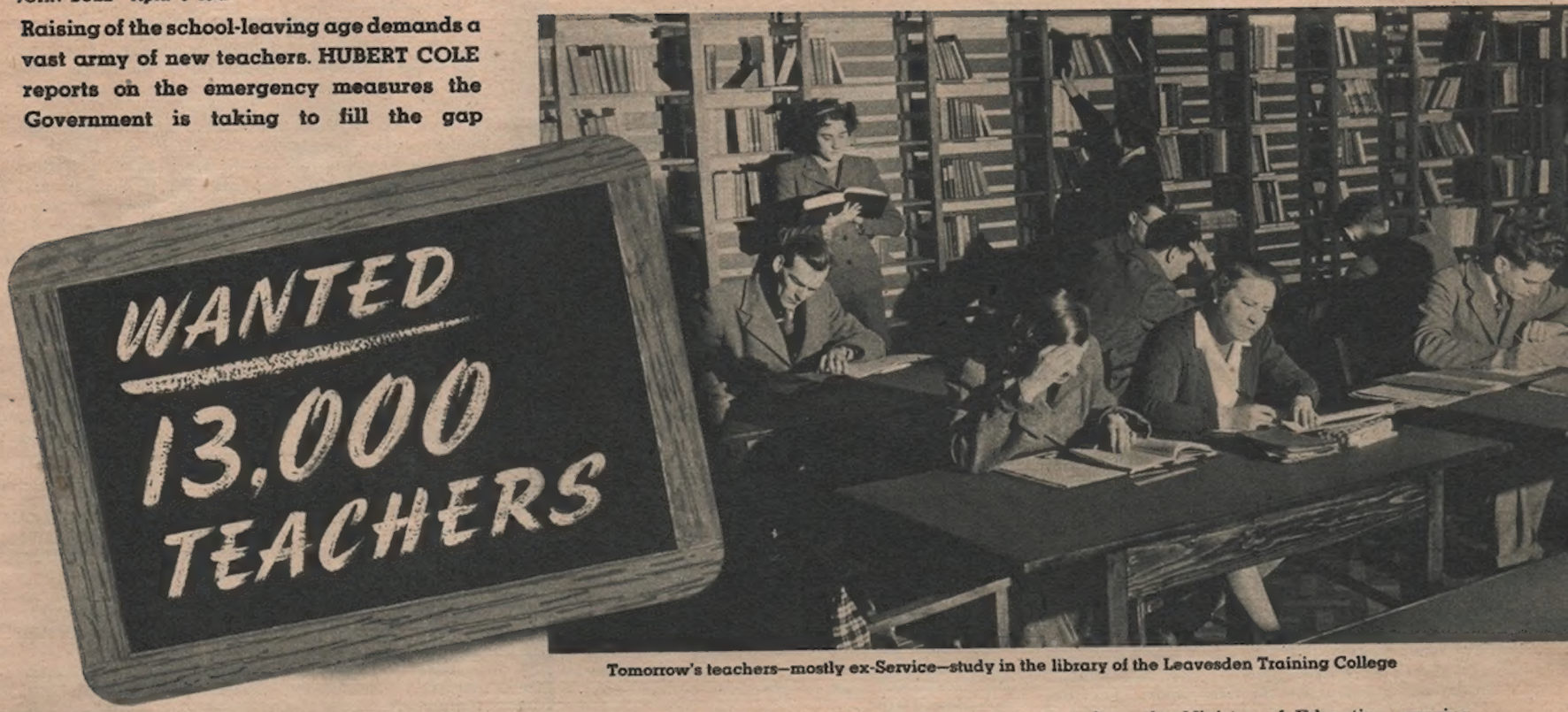
Raising of the school-leaving age demands a vast army of new teachers. HUBERT COLE reports on the emergency measures the Government is taking to fill the gap



Tomorrow's teachers—mostly ex-Service—study in the library of the Leavesden Training College

THE SCHOOL-LEAVING AGE went up to fifteen this month. From now on industry will have to wait an extra year for the entry of 390,000 boy and girl recruits. But industry shouldn't suffer in the long run.

The moral grounds for raising the school-leaving age were unassailable. So are the practical grounds. The war took a heavy toll in educational progress. Over-large classes and wartime indiscipline meant that the backward and wild boys dodged their books, while industrious children missed a lot of chances.

An extra year's schooling under improved conditions will mean better-informed and more useful entrants for industry—if we can find and train 13,000 more teachers by next April. That's the number needed, on the conservative figure of thirty children to each class.

We don't need all these new teachers at once, since children don't all arrive at their fourteenth birthday on April 1. But we do need them within the year.

This calls for emergency measures, and I have been looking into the progress made in providing, quickly, a corps of teachers sufficiently trained to meet the need.

In normal times, teachers are recruited largely from two sources: the universities, where they pursue the ordinary academic studies for three years and then are trained specifically for teaching for another year; and the special training colleges to which they go straight from school to receive a course which lasts for two years.

To these has now been added a temporary scheme which will provide a vastly increased flow of teachers for a short period, and will also play a part in the resettlement of ex-Service men and women. Forty-eight emergency training colleges have been set up in various parts of the country. From them will come the bulk of the 13,000 teachers.

Many from the Forces

The college I visited at Leavesden Green, Herts., opened last September. It is the biggest in the country, and one of the very few in which men and women train together. It caters for 475 would-be teachers, with a present proportion of about two men to one woman. It has a teaching staff of forty-three.

Practically all the men served in the Forces during the war, with the largest number coming from the R.A.F. Many of the women were also in the Forces. Before being accepted for the course, each man and woman was "vetted." Nearly fifty per cent of the original applicants were rejected. Ages vary from twenty-three to forty-seven, with an average of around thirty-three. All live on the college premises.

Since the beginning of the course, ten have dropped out, either because they were no longer interested or because they just could not stand the pace. For this is an extremely concentrated way of spending a year of one's life.

The syllabus covers the same ground as the normal two-year course. And many of the students have been so long away from school that they have to do much more elementary brushing up than the two-year trainees need. Every student takes one main subject and one subsidiary. All take general maths and English and the three sub-divisions of education: its principles, history and psychology.

Spare-time Work

Lectures begin at nine in the morning and go on until six-thirty in the evening. No student, of course, attends every lecture, but he puts in an average of thirty taught periods of forty-five minutes each week, and then has a large amount of additional study to do in his spare time.

Tuesdays and Thursdays are games days for those who can spare the time. Saturday afternoon and Sunday are nominally holidays, but in fact most students are still putting in some sort of private study over the weekend. One, married and with a child, told me: "I don't go home as often as I could, because I find it impossible to concentrate. There's so much ground to be covered that I cannot cope with the distractions of family life."

That did not come as a moan. There is an intensely eager spirit everywhere which more than overcomes the rather drab surroundings. The buildings were occupied first by mental patients and then by the Canadian Army before the embryo teachers moved in—and there is still a flavour of wartime days in the strong sprinkling of demob suits, flying boots and army waterproofs.

The women live in the main buildings, the men in subsidiary blocks housing about twenty, with plywood partitions to form cubicles in which each can sleep and study.

During the year's course, each student receives a grant from the Ministry of Education, varying with his needs. A single man can draw up to £2 a week; a married man gets £2 a week for his wife and up to 15s. for each child. The student receives free board and lodging but has to provide his own books and stationery.

There is no passing-out examination, progress being judged on the monthly reports compiled by each student's tutor. Twelve weeks are spent in first-hand experience of teaching at schools. At the end of the course, students go out as probationary teachers for two years but are paid at full Burnham Scale. During this time they are expected to pursue a further course of study.

The Burnham Scale is the same for all teachers, whether in infant, primary or secondary schools. It starts at £300 for a man and £270 for a woman. The men get an annual increase of £15; the women £13. Top rate for an assistant master is £550 a year. These emergency students are allowed one increment for each year of service in the Forces and another for every three years of civilian employment—more in some cases, where the civilian job provided them with a specialized knowledge which

Leavesden's chemical laboratory. Every student specializes in two subjects

JOHN BULL 186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
VOLUME 81 · NUMBER 2127

It's up to the Chancellor

THIS IS MONEY MONTH. Here we are, at the beginning of a new financial year, ten days to go to the Budget, with light pockets and heads buzzing with a swarm of statistics showing that Britain, like many of her citizens, is very, very hard up.

A new issue of National Savings Certificates is offered this week, and that grim and obsolete jest, the cost-of-living index, is being scrapped.

There is a connection between these two items. Many people who buy one certificate would gladly buy two—but for the fact that in the last twelve months their money has bought less and less.

Indications are that in the next twelve months the overall cost of living will continue to rise.

If an increase in the price even of controlled commodities like jam, butter and tinned meat is threatened, what can we expect from uncontrolled goods?

The Government's struggle against inflation is still far from being won; it may, in fact, be just beginning.

Now consider for a moment another of the Government's more pressing problems—that of providing incentives for hard work. The first of these incentives is always money. But if money does not buy so much when you have earned it, people want still more.

If we cannot afford to pay higher wages all round—and to do so would obviously speed up inflation—what is there left to do?

Nothing but to reduce taxes, and, above all, income tax. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Chancellor, when he introduces his Budget in the middle of this month, will manage to do this. Nothing could have a better psychological effect. We should all feel better, more vigorous, more hopeful.

How about it, Mr. Dalton?

Facts We Want to Hear

JOHN BULL HAS TAKEN THE LEAD in asking that Ministers of State shall get closer to the people—shall tell them continuously what is going on and what is expected of them.

That campaign is gradually bearing fruit; and among its fruits are the new fortnightly Press conferences sponsored by the Government. The second takes place this week. We welcome those conferences as an instalment of greater wisdom in "public relations."

We also welcome Sir Stafford Cripps's request to the Press for suggestions as to what Ministers should tell it.

What we want, Sir Stafford, are plenty of facts about the progress of different industries. Here is an idea for you concerning coal.

What are the facts about mechanizing the mines? Why must it take so long? How far has it gone? What is being done to speed it up?

We know already that in many American pits one miner, thanks to machines, can win from six to nine times as much coal as a British miner working his heart out without machines.

Well, let Mr. Shinwell come to the next Government Press conference and tell us all about the National Coal Board's programme for mechanizing the British mines.

Let him describe the machines we are going to have, say how much they cost, how long they take to make, and when they will be installed.

Then, if this technical revolution is not going forward fast enough, we can chase Mr. Shinwell and Lord Hyndley and everybody else concerned.

These, Sir Stafford, are the sort of facts we want to hear. And your partners, the British people, are entitled to have them.

Holiday Bottleneck

THIS WEEKEND IS A TRYOUT for the 1947 holiday season. Millions are visiting the seaside and inland resorts—for a day, a long weekend, a week. And later, when the holiday season opens in real earnest, this summer is likely to break all records.

The resorts, thanks to de-requisitioning and priority in repairs, have more accommodation than last year, but still far from enough if thirty million holidaymakers try to pack in during the peak months of July and August.

To accommodate all in reasonable comfort, the holiday season must be lengthened—so that it runs from, say, early May to end-September.

Staggering, tried out successfully last year, can settle most of the problem. So the Government is now launching a countrywide "Stagger Holidays" campaign, delayed by the coal crisis.

Extensive plans have already been made, but a lot remains to be done. The urgency of the job is stressed by the proposed ten per cent cut in holiday trains.

The question of school examinations is a difficult one. Tenaciously the universities have been clinging to their traditional educational terms. Most exams have to be held at the end of summer term. Parents, though they can take their children from school for two weeks' holiday break, are reluctant to interrupt examination cramming.

Admittedly only 1.7 per cent of school children are directly affected, but exam dates fix term dates, and one child may hold up holiday plans for three and more people. This important bottleneck in holiday staggering must be broken quickly. Examination authorities must bow to modern needs. December or March would be much more suitable examination periods.

Lesson of the Floods

THE GREAT FLOODS of 1947 are draining away, but in the Fens we have suffered a national catastrophe. Have we learned its lesson?

Many thousands of acres of our richest farm land are ruined, for this year at least. Lost livestock must be added to those multitudes which perished in the blizzards of February and March. People of all classes have lost their homes and their furniture. Untold misery has been spread by bursting rivers before which whole populations have had to flee.

And we see pathetic little stacks of sandbags hastily flung down here and there as Britain's only reply to angry Nature!

"Too little and too late" has generally been the tale—just as it was in the first disastrous years of the last war.

Perhaps it was inevitable this spring, amid our other difficulties, that the floods should catch us bending. But it must never happen again. Those Fenland dykes, those Thames-side banks, will have to be raised and strengthened. There must be a permanent organization for flood-fighting, just as there must be an adequate supply of modern snow-ploughs for railways and roads before next winter.

We must cut out the mentality which offers a few last-minute sandbags to stop an ocean of water, and face the facts.

Continued from previous page

will be of value in their new profession. The limit to these additional increments is ten years. So the more fortunate ones may start at salaries of £450 for men and £400 for women.

That makes them better-off than most teachers entering the profession. Whether the Burnham Scale is adequate pay for the job is another matter. The monetary return that we offer to the men and women to whom we entrust the most formative years of our children's lives is usually inadequate.

Hence the former unhappy application of Shaw's: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." The last resort of the university graduate who could not find a job at a good salary was so often to become a schoolmaster at a bad one; ill-suited, uninterested and disgruntled.

This certainly does not apply to the men and women at Leavesden. I asked several why they had chosen teaching as a profession. The answers mostly included such phrases as: "I felt I had a vocation for it." "It is something I always wanted to do, but did not have the opportunity." Or, occasionally: "It seemed to me a good profession."

Whether from a desire to teach or because they think it is a good job, all these men and women are going into teaching because they chose to go into it—not because they have been trained for a better career and have to put up with a worse one.

Apart from the very few who intend to teach in infant schools, three-quarters of them are bound for modern secondary schools and the other quarter for primary schools.

They are not at all happy about the grammar schools. Secondary schools are divided into "grammar," which teach the old academic subjects; "technical," which cater for the children with mechanical skill; and "modern," which receive all the others with no special aptitudes.

Knowledge of Life

The grammar schools have begun to advertise for "graduates only." Leavesden students scent snobbishness here. They feel that university graduates are being set higher up in the social scale.

I think they are wrong to resent this. Certainly there is no great financial advantage these days in being a university graduate—the difference in pay is about five shillings a week. It will be a great pity if the long-smouldering antagonism between university graduates and training college certificated teachers breaks out again; particularly now that the new multilateral schools will bring them into constant contact with each other.

The university graduate has an outlook and background of culture that probably only a university can give. But these emergency teachers have something which no graduate can get from a university alone, and few of them have the opportunity to acquire later—a first-hand knowledge of life as their pupils will have to live it. The two should be complementary, not rivals.

Most of the students had to wait a long time before joining the course. The average delay was nine months, and the waiting period has since increased to nearly a year. Those on the current waiting lists are given opportunities to practise as unqualified teachers. Today there are nearly five thousand men and over one thousand women acting as temporary teachers, waiting for training.

For those already being trained, finding a job will not be very difficult. The demand is great and the supply still small.

The only snag is that they are, in the words of the Ministry of Education, "highly immobile," as they are mostly people with family responsibilities and cannot accept jobs far from their homes until the housing problem has been solved.

They come from all over the British Isles, and schools all over the British Isles are waiting for them—except Scotland. Scotland refuses to recognize these emergency students as teachers.

In this, I feel that Scotland is misguided. The experience which these men and women will bring to their jobs is worth at least as much as the academic qualifications of the orthodox teacher.

HOW PAGAN ARE WE?

A new "twilight of the gods" is spreading across our twentieth-century world. Religious belief is giving way to a spiritual vacuum. Causes and effects of the decline are here analysed

by THE REV. W. E. PURCELL

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, Portsmouth, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, has recently made known the startling results of a religious knowledge quiz given to men of eighteen and nineteen joining the Navy.

Of these citizens of modern Britain (remember that seventy years or so ago we were one of the most religious among highly civilized nations that the world had ever known), thirty per cent did not know who Jesus Christ was. A further eighty per cent did not know where he was born. Twenty-three per cent could repeat the Lord's Prayer word-perfect, but forty per cent could not get beyond the opening words. Eighty-three per cent knew why Christmas Day was celebrated; thirty per cent had no idea why Good Friday was "Good." Seventy-five per cent had no understanding of Whitsun, beyond the fact that it was a public holiday.

And only forty-five out of every hundred could explain the religious significance of Easter.

These figures are more than a curiosity. They are a factual comment on a movement of our times which is already affecting most of our lives—the drift of the population of Britain away from religious belief. And because it is a drift, not towards new faiths, but towards no particular faith at all, it is in the truest sense a drift towards paganism. For paganism is indifference to any belief at all rather than a state of false belief.

God—Refugee

A new "twilight of the Gods" is spreading over our twentieth-century world. God seems to figure for the first time less as a refuge than a refugee.

To some, this means enlightenment—an emancipation in keeping with the temper of a scientific age. To others, and they include a significant number of philosophers and independent thinkers, a pagan Britain represents calamity.

These are opinions. What are the facts behind this gradual paganization of Britain? How far has the process gone? How far is it actually affecting the lives, conduct and outlook of the majority?

Various clues lead to the heart of the problem. Easiest to spot, and therefore most frequently pointed out, is the decline in church-going. This represents a break with the social habits of yesterday perhaps more complete than in any other sphere. Most people now aged fifty and over attended public worship as a matter of course in their youth.

But a recent Church of England report—the best-selling and controversial "Conversion of England" survey—quoted an estimate that less than fifteen per cent of our total population is closely linked with any Christian body. A Methodist survey has among its closing words: "Churches seating over a thousand may have a congregation of less than fifty, and the average age suggests that, in twenty years' time, the building alone will remain."

However, the mass church-going of yesterday was for thousands a matter of convention rather than conviction; as soon as other Sunday diversions became possible many people abandoned church-going in their favour. One real gain has been that it is no longer possible to question the genuine

Convention or conviction? Officers and ratings of H.M.S. "Rodney" assemble for morning prayers on deck

conviction of those who still attend public worship.

But—church-going apart—it is in the day-to-day conduct of ordinary people that the real clues lie. Then the rather dry phrase, "an age without standards," comes dramatically to life. Divorce figures are unprecedented. The incidence of venereal disease and illegitimacy is tragic—in spite of cheap and easily-bought contraceptives which have made possible an extension into practice of the continual sex-suggestion of modern life. And today's volume of juvenile crime is unexcused by the destitution and want which were so often a cause of it in times gone by.

True, venereal disease and illegitimacy existed in Victorian Britain when parsons preached to packed congregations. The immense difference was that popular feeling strongly judged these things to be Wrong and their opposites to be Right.

Today's tendency to regard them with a shrug as "just one of those things" would have been unthinkable. To "do wrong" was not "done." And since then, as now, most people liked to feel themselves in tune with the prevailing outlook and since, further, the prevailing outlook was pretty strongly on the side of chastity and purity, especially among women, a strong popular safeguard existed. It saved many a home from heartbreak.

To "Constant Reader" (1897)

A penny weekly magazine for women, dated August, 1897, has the following among its answers to some "Constant Readers'" queries: "My advice to any girl whose lover treats her with familiarity is to have nothing to do with him. I should break off my engagement, and hope in time to be able to bestow my affections on someone better conversant with the usages of society."

This might be a voice from another world. It *is* a voice from another world, a world in which there was no blurring in the average mind of the practical distinction between right and wrong.

Where did those penny magazine readers of 1897 get their somewhat starchy ideas of the "done thing" from? Note that it is not religion that is appealed to in this answer to a reader. The standard is the social fashion of the day. But that standard itself was, in fact, formed by a strong, if conventionalized, religious outlook made possible by the gigantic efforts of the various Churches in capturing Victorian Britain for the Christian Faith and its way of life as they understood it.

Immoral conduct for those penny magazine readers of fifty years ago might have been undesirable in the first place because the people next door would look down their noses when they heard about it. It was wrong in the last resort because it broke God's law, and God, as a great majority of our grandparents instinctively felt, would very soon know all about it and take steps accordingly.

Personal Link

Which is just another way of saying that many people of that time had what the experts say is absolutely necessary before religion can come to life—a conviction of a personal God, personally interested in their own lives.

This outlook is, of course, always easy to attack. It is rather naïve and simple. But the fact that nothing yet has come along to take the place of our forebears' over-simplified but workable ideas of right and wrong is one of the plainest signs that Britain really is going pagan.

Illustrations of how this process actually operates can be found in the family history of many of us today. Here is a typical example. Mrs. —— is sixty-eight and is worried about her grandchildren. She writes: "The way they carry on would make my old parents turn in their grave. Mark you, *they* were strict chapel. When I married we weren't so strict, but we did try to pass on to our youngsters what we'd been taught about our Heavenly Father, and Right and Wrong—that sort of thing. But somehow our youngsters grew up different. They've never been interested in chapel—too many other things to do, I expect. Now they've got children it's worse than ever.

"They seem sometimes to be just heathens; they

Priestley's Page

Each week in this special feature, exclusive to John Bull, J. B. Priestley sums up trenchantly on questions of current interest raised by readers

Q. "Throughout history, great civilizations have been successively swept away by barbarians. Where will the next barbarians come from?"

We shall produce them ourselves, as we have already been doing. Thus, within less than ten years Hitler and Company managed to produce a fine little crop of the most ruthless, cruel barbarians out of one of the most highly educated peoples in the world.

Uprooted masses, without religion, without culture, without any deep attachments of any kind, can soon be turned into barbarians, capable of destroying any civilization without the slightest compunction.

A lot of the young people in our cities now, youngsters of the "Spiv" mentality, are not far from barbarism, and much closer, in my view, than most of their grandparents were.

World events of the last thirty-five years should have taught us that we cannot take civilization for granted, that it must be constantly defended in our minds, that its survival demands all our vigilance.

Q. "There is still a good deal of anti-semitic feeling and propaganda about. Why do people still follow Hitler in this?"

The basis of anti-semitism is a strong psychological need to discover a scapegoat. Thus, when Hitler persuaded the Germans that all their troubles were due to the Jews, all the Germans felt better at once, for now, it appeared, they were merely the innocent victims of these Hebrew villains, born to be evil. They could "project," as the psychologists say, all their own weaknesses and shortcomings on to the wretched Jews.

If a careless German doctor or a lazy German lawyer failed to obtain patients or clients, then this was not the result of carelessness or laziness but arose from the fact that sinister, successful Jewish doctors and lawyers were at work in the neighbourhood. And this trick still succeeds, especially with people who will not face their own weaknesses.

The wild illogicality of anti-semitism, its complete indifference to facts, the way in which all its arguments cancel out (the Jews are capitalists, the Jews are communists, the Jews are mean, the Jews spend too much), all prove its fundamental irrationality.

When the mass of people believed in the Devil, they could safely project their weaknesses on to his Satanic Majesty, but once this belief decayed, then human scapegoats had to be found, and we are still in this dangerous situation. If we all suddenly believed that the Devil and his sulphurous legions were busy plotting our ruin, the world would be a safer and probably saner place than it is today.

Meanwhile, readers will be well advised to treat anti-semitism with the sharp contempt it deserves.

Q. "Can you defend our waste of precious dollars on the purchase of American tobacco?"

Yes, I can. First, please note—and this is often forgotten—that every dollar's worth of tobacco brings about two pounds in revenue to the Treasury. If everybody here stopped smoking tomorrow, several hundred million pounds of revenue would have to be found elsewhere, and to these new taxes non-smokers would have to contribute their share.

Secondly, if in spite of its heavy cost, weighed down chiefly by taxation, people insist upon consuming tobacco, it proves plainly that people feel in need of tobacco, which probably enables them to bear the lack of other things. It should also be remembered that our present large consumption of tobacco is due to the fact that more people now can afford to buy cigarettes, although it is also true that far more women smoke in these days.

I agree that we should do everything possible to encourage the cultivation of tobacco in the Empire and elsewhere outside the United States; and I for one happen to like African and Near Eastern tobaccos. (I believe, too, that it is wrong to suppose these tobaccos to be stronger and more harmful than Virginian and other American kinds.)

But at present there is nothing like enough of these non-American tobaccos to give us even a modest ration of cigarettes, and a severe shortage of tobacco would be for most people the last straw.

Oddly enough, I read only the other day that, about the middle of the eighteenth century, all attempts to cultivate tobacco in England were stopped (and crops destroyed by the troops) in order to encourage its cultivation in the American Colonies, which, only twenty-five years later, broke away and became the United States. One of the small ironies of history.

∴ If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

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say what they like, they do what they like. I daresay they're healthier than we were, I do know they have better schooling—and they get better jobs afterwards. But they don't seem to believe in anything. When I speak about it they just call me old-fashioned. Why has it all happened like this?"

What is the answer? Strongly suspected among the germs causing the disease is modern education. It's too materialistic, say the Churches. "The whole country was shocked at the amount of sheer pagan ignorance among the products of elementary and secondary schools which evacuation disclosed."

But not all educationalists agree. One county authority brought out with some indignation a copy of the Education Act of 1944. "This Act," he said, "now the law of the land, lays down that the school day shall begin with collective undenominational worship on the part of the pupils, except those whose parents withdraw them under the conscience clause—very few do. In addition, religious instruction has a generous showing in our timetables. What more do you want? We're not trying to crowd out religion.

"I am convinced that our teachers fully carry out their obligations in this respect. But the teacher has the child for only one-seventh of its time. The other six-sevenths it's at home. If the average parent made even a quarter as much effort to face up to the moral and religious teaching of the children as the education authorities do, I don't think this problem would be so acute."

But the Churches have found other and bigger germs in the blood stream of their patient. Science is one of them. This does not mean that religion and science are in opposite camps.

It does mean that the application of science to ordinary life has had at least two effects of profound importance on religious outlook. It has robbed the physical world of a good deal of its mystery—an essential ingredient in religion. And it has made many people think that, since clever men can now do so much—fly, speak to each other from the ends of the earth, split the atom and invent the electronic brain—there is nothing much left for God to do.

Scepticism, another germ listed as dangerous to Britain's faith, is, curiously enough, a product of modern man's reaction to the profound disappointments arising from the obvious failure of this view.

Had the prophecies of the "science will make all well, man can do everything" school been correct, we should by this time be sitting pretty in a world oozing peace, plenty and enlightenment. Instead of that, we have had two appalling wars. And so we just shrug our shoulders and think: "What's the use? Religion? No thank you!"

Is Britain's paganism a bad or a good thing? Various eminent and impartial authorities almost queue up to make a statement at this point. Here is Jung, world-famous psychologist:

"During the past thirty years people from all civilized countries have consulted me. Among my patients in the second half of life, that is to say over thirty-five, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort has not been that of finding a religious outlook upon life."

And here is Sir Richard Livingstone, eminent educationalist:

"The philosophy of life, the standards by which the Victorian and other ages were governed, have broken down. We are left with traditions and habits of conduct inherited from them, as the earth may still receive light from an extinct star. But that light will not continue to shine, nor those habits and traditions long survive the beliefs from which they grew. Those who reject Christian beliefs cannot count on keeping Christian morals."

But it was all put most concisely, perhaps, by a very average citizen the other day. A man in middle life, he had just buried his mother, and now was faced with the job of disposing of her things. Among them was a text: "Christ is the head of this house, the Unseen Guest at every meal, the Silent Listener to every conversation."

He said simply: "My parents were good folk, happy, too, in a quiet way. You know, maybe they had something there—something we haven't got."

KNOW THE GERMANS (4)

SHADOW OF A SECOND HITLER

by MILTON SHULMAN

These three "family poses" of Eva Braun with Hitler were in her personal album. One of her last remarks: "Better that 10,000 die than that he be lost to Germany"

That Adolf Hitler died in the Berlin bunker is now virtually certain. The final article in this series discusses the chances of a second fuehrer and outlines a policy for Germany that should prevent a Nazi revival

BEFORE ONE CAN LOGICALLY discuss the possibility of another fuehrer arising to lead the German people, this preliminary question must be answered:

Is Adolf Hitler really dead? No grave has been discovered or remains found. And, as every reader of detective thrillers knows, so long as the body is missing the mystery remains unsolved.

Nevertheless, almost all those who have seriously investigated the matter conclude that Adolf Hitler is unalterably dead. Not one of the senior German commanders to whom I spoke—and they included men like Sepp Dietrich and Kurt Student, who knew him intimately — indicated to me by the merest word or gesture that they believed their Fuehrer to be alive.

Perhaps the fullest account of Hitler's last days has been given by Hanna Reitsch, test pilot and aeronautical research expert.

She was personal pilot to Colonel-General Ritter vor Greim, who, in Munich on April 24, 1945, received a telegram ordering him to report to the Reichschancellery in Berlin. With Hanna Reitsch he arrived at Hitler's bunker two evenings later.

Goering—"Traitor"

"I have called you here," said Hitler to von Greim, "because Hermann Goering has betrayed and deserted both me and his Fatherland. Behind my back he has established connections with the enemy. His action was a mark of cowardice. And against my orders he has gone to save himself at Berchtesgaden.

"From there he sent me a disrespectful telegram. He said that I had once named him as my successor and that now, as I was no longer able to rule from Berlin, he was prepared to rule from Berchtesgaden in my place. He closed the wire by stating that if he had no answer from me by nine-thirty on the date of the wire he would assume my answer to be in the affirmative."

With eyes hard and half-closed and in a voice unusually low, Hitler told von Greim: "I immediately had Goering arrested as a traitor to the Reich . . . I hereby declare you Goering's successor as commander-in-chief of the Luftwaffe. . . ."

Later that evening Hitler called Reitsch to him in his room. She remembers that his face was deeply lined and that there was a constant film of moisture in his eyes. In a very small voice, he said: "Hanna, you belong to those who will die with me. Each of us has a phial of poison such as this"—handing her one for herself and one for von Greim. "I do not wish that one of us falls to the Russians alive, nor do I wish our bodies to be found by them. Each person is responsible for destroying his body so that nothing recognizable remains. Eva and I will have our bodies burned. You will devise your own method. Will you please inform von Greim?"

Reitsch sank into a chair in tears and pleaded with Hitler to change his mind and leave Berlin. "Save yourself, mein Fuehrer," she begged. "That is the will of every German."

"No, Hanna," said Hitler. "If I die it is for the honour of our country; it is because as a soldier I must obey my own command that I would defend Berlin to the last. . . .

"But, my Hanna, I still have hope. The army of General Wenck is moving up from the south. He must and will drive the Russians back long enough to save our people. Then we will fall back to hold again."

Although Hitler spoke of hope, Hanna Reitsch claims that his face showed the war was over.

Next morning she was introduced to the other occupants of the elaborate shelter. They included Eva Braun; Goebbels, his wife and their six children; State Secretary Neumann; Hitler's right-hand man, Reichsleiter Martin Bormann; and a small group of Nazi subordinates.

Reitsch describes Goebbels as being insanely incensed over Goering's treachery. He strode about his small, luxurious quarters like an animal, muttering vile accusations concerning the Luftwaffe leader and what he had done. One of the last things she remembers hearing from his lips was: "We shall go down for the glory of the Reich, so that the name of Germany will live for ever." As always, Goebbels, she says, acted as if he were speaking to a legion of historians avidly recording every word.

After listening to these tirades she and von Greim often asked each other sadly: "Are these the people who ruled our country?"

Eva Braun Titivated

Frau Goebbels, as described by Reitsch, was a very brave woman who represented the epitome of Nazi indoctrination. Her one anxiety was that in the end she would be too weak to put her children to death. "They belong to the Third Reich and to the Fuehrer," she said, "and if those two things cease to exist there can be no further place for them." Reitsch believes that at the last moment she was not too weak.

It seemed to Reitsch that Hitler's girl friend, Eva Braun, remained studiously true to her position as the "showpiece" in the Fuehrer's circle. Most of her time she occupied in fingernail polishing and other little feminine tasks.

She seemed to accept the prospect of dying with Hitler. Her constantly repeated remark was: "Poor, poor Adolf, deserted by everyone, betrayed by all. Better that 10,000 others die than that he be lost to Germany." All that she said had an adolescent tinge: it appeared that the only "good" Germans at that time were those trapped in the bunker; all others were traitors because they were not there to die with the Fuehrer.

Martin Bormann kept close to his writing desk, "recording the momentous events in the bunker for posterity." Every word, every action went down on his paper. Often he would visit this person or that to demand scowlingly what exactly was the remark that had passed between the Fuehrer and the person with whom he had just had an audience.

His document was to be spirited out of the bunker at the very last moment so that, said Bormann, it might "take its place among the greatest chapters of German history."

Suicide: The Final Orders

When the Russian bombardment of the Chancellery reached its highest pitch, indicating that the Soviet ground troops would overrun the area at any moment, a suicide council was called by Hitler. It was decided that as soon as the Russians reached the Chancellery grounds the mass suicide would begin. Final orders were given as to the use of the poison phials and destruction of the bodies.

Then, on April 29, a telegram reached the bunker indicating that Himmler had joined Goering on the traitor list. Himmler, it said, had contacted the British and American authorities through Sweden to negotiate surrender. The message came as a death blow to the people in the bunker. Reitsch claims men and women alike cried and screamed with rage, fear and desperation. Hitler raged like a madman.

At one-thirty on the morning of April 30, Hitler, with a chalk white face, came to von Greim's room and slumped down on the edge of the bed. He told von Greim he had heard Wenck's army was approaching Berlin. Von Greim was to proceed to Rechlin and assemble all available aircraft to help Wenck's forces forward. Von Greim's other task was to stop Himmler from continuing surrender negotiations and to have him arrested.

Both von Greim and Reitsch protested vehemently that the attempt would be futile and that they preferred to die in the shelter, but Hitler was adamant. Everyone in the shelter entrusted the departing pair with quick, last-minute letters and gave them some token to take back into the outer world.

A small armoured vehicle took the man and the woman through the flaming city to where an "Arado 96" was hidden near Brandenburger Tor. Reitsch says she is certain this was the last craft available. The possibility of another plane having

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FIRST A BOY THEN A

Intending parents will be able to decide the sex of their children

in advance—reversing the familiar ditty or not, just as they wish—when science completes its research into this age-old p

IS IT A BOY OR A GIRL? This is the first question doctors and midwives are asked after every blessed event. And it has been asked, in much the same tone of voice, in every language for thousands of years.

But it seems more than likely that some years hence nobody will ever need to ask whether it's a boy or a girl. What "it" is going to be will have been decided ten or more months before.

The predetermination of sex has been a dream of mankind since man became articulate. It is a dream that could be realized if sufficient money were available for the right research team to spend five years on the problem.

Up to a few years ago the dream remained only a dream for a simple reason. The real nature of the problem to be tackled was not known. You cannot begin to answer a problem till you can state it precisely. Once you can state it precisely it is just a matter of time before research workers produce the answer.

The problem of sex determination was discussed by the Egyptians, for example, 3,000 years B.C. For 5,000 years since then theories have been produced: woolly theories based on a lack of complete information. A few years before the war all the theories blew up. Precise information became available, and for the first time it was possible to state exactly why a particular conception produced a boy or a girl.

One popular theory which died hard was stated about 500 B.C. by two Greek physicians, Parmenides and Anaxagoras. They believed that the two ovaries in the female produced different kinds of egg-cells. The ova from the right ovary were responsible for male children and those from the left ovary for female children. Even nowadays some women believe quite firmly that sleeping on the right side just before or just after conception will guarantee a boy; sleeping on the left a girl.

Theory That Survived

Over the years this theory survived with only slight variations. There was some argument as to which ovary produced which kind of children; more argument as to whether egg-cells were developed from the ovaries alternately, so that conceptions in even months would be boys and in odd months girls—or the other way round.

In 1909, Rumley Dawson re-stated the theory in its simple original form. Ovaries on the right produced egg-cells which, once fertilized, became boys. The left ovary produced only girls. Lady Erskine elaborated this theory. She believed that there was the chance of conceiving a male child in one menstrual month, a female child in the next month, and then there was a blank month.

A few thoughtful family doctors began to substitute observation for speculation. Ovaries which have become cystic or diseased are removed at operation. It occurred to someone that a woman minus the right ovary should only produce female children. The general practitioners investigated.

Any good general practitioner at the age of fifty or so knows scores of families who have been his patients for twenty years or more. Among such patients were women who had had one ovary removed—either right or left—and who went on producing both boys and girls. One woman I attended had her right ovary removed ten years ago. She has since had two girls and a boy.

Microscope Gave the Answer

Clearly then the egg-cells from either the right or the left ovary can produce either boys or girls. Dawson's theory fell down.

Plenty of other theories still remained: theories about the effects of the sun and the moon, the wind and the rain, the time of the year, the age of the parents—and, to this day, the Tyrolese firmly believe that boys can only be conceived with the boots on.

The observation that ovaries could produce either male or female children pointed the way for the next line of investigation. If the female sexual cells could produce either males or females, then it was reasonable to assume that the decision as to the sex of the child rested with the male sexual cells, the sperms or spermatozoa.

Prolonged microscopical study of male sperms produced the answer. A single male sperm fertilizes the female egg-cell. This solitary sperm decides the sex of the child. There are two kinds of sperms, one kind producing boys, the other girls.

Every sexual cell, whether a female ovum or a male sperm, has a nucleus. The nucleus is in the centre of the female ovum. In the male sperm the head of the sperm is almost all nucleus and the rest of the cell forms a fast-moving tail which projects the sperm towards the female cell. In these nuclei there are sex chromosomes. They look like strings of beads, and each bead carries some of the parental characteristics to be conveyed to the offspring.

Now, in every kind of animal and in man, there is a male-female difference in the number of chromosomes—the strings of beads which have to be magnified 10,000 times to be seen at all. In a woman all the cells have forty-eight chromosomes. Male cells have only forty-seven. Before the male and female cells can join to produce an embryo which will grow into a bouncing baby they split in half. The rest is simple arithmetic.

Female egg-cells ready for fertilization have all got twenty-four chromosomes. Male sperms are of two kinds. In any one man half the sexual cells have twenty-four chromosomes and the other half have twenty-three. If a twenty-four chromosome sperm does the fertilizing, then 24 + 24 = 48—and you have a daughter on the way. If a twenty-three chromosome sperm gets there first, then 24 + 23 = 47—and you will have a son.

These are the known facts and they apply to every species of animal, except that the numbers vary. A male cockroach has thirty-three chromosomes, a female thirty-four. The cockroach number is, therefore, thirty-four, just as the human number is forty-eight.

Now the discovery of these facts about how sex is naturally determined allows us to state the next problem precisely: the problem of deliberately and artificially determining in advance the sex of the infant not yet conceived.

There are two kinds of male sperms. One—the twenty-three chromosome type—is male determining, and the other—the twenty-four chromosome type — is female determining. If they could be separated and only one kind met the female egg-cell then sex could be predetermined.

Straightway there are two obvious lines of research. Each sperm has a long way to travel before it meets the egg-cell it is going to fertilize. The conditions inside the female genital tract in which this journey is made may be just as favourable for both kinds of sperm or, in certain cases of sterility, just as unfavourable.

All of Them Were Girls

Could the conditions be altered so as to favour the male-determining sperm at the expense of the female-determining sperm? In some women this definitely happens. When any one woman produces any one child the chances of it's being a boy or a girl are to all intents fifty-fifty.

That is the probability. Yet, if you take many thousands of cases, in some groups the fifty-fifty alters to sixty-forty or even seventy-thirty.

A remarkable case was recorded in France a few months ago. In three generations of one family the descendants of the great-grandmother were: six daughters, twenty-seven granddaughters and thirty-nine great-granddaughters. So this particular family has produced altogether seventy-two daughters and no sons. Obviously every woman in the family inherits some characteristic which makes

GIRL

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

em. Here are the facts about sex determination

fertilization impossible for the male-determining sperm of the fifteen different husbands involved. These women can produce girls but never boys.

The younger the mother the more likely she is to have a boy. A mother whose own mother and grandmother were the only girls in large families with lots of brothers is likely herself to have a large family of boys.

Here, obviously, there is some factor at work in the female partner which favours the male-determining sperm. Scientists are trying to find out what this factor is, and are conducting tests to see whether it is an excess of some chemical or some hormone.

Thus the first series of experiments are directed towards altering the "chemistry" of the female so that only male- or female-determining sperms (as the case may be) can get through to fertilize the waiting egg-cell.

The second line of thought is clearly defined but has barely been attempted yet. It is now possible in the cyclotron and the plutonium pile to split individual atoms. Thousands of atoms are needed to make up one solitary sperm. Mechanical or chemical, or electrical separation of the two kinds of sperm should not present nearly so difficult a problem as the separation of individual atoms.

There must be some slight chemical or electrical or biophysical difference between twenty-three chromosome and twenty-four chromosome sperms. Find the difference and the answer to the problem of separation will be round the next corner.

Once separation can be achieved the main problem is solved. Fertilization can be effected midway between the menstrual periods by artificial insemination. The material used will be either male-determining only or female-determining only, according to whether a boy or girl is wanted.

The two lines of research are already under way, but only a few scientists are working on the subject and with limited resources. The right team of research workers, adequately financed and directed, could produce the answer in five years.

But do we want the answer? Do we want the power to determine sex in advance? Breeders of livestock would welcome an advance of this kind, and, in the human sphere, there are few young parents who would not take advantage of it.

Yet would power of this kind remain in the hands of the individual? It is not difficult to imagine what use would have been made of it by Hitler.

Certainly one day we shall know how to predetermine sex. Right use of that knowledge will raise as many problems as revolve today round the use of atomic energy.

—But science has nothing on these Old Wives' Tales

. . . A child conceived at the waning of the moon will be a girl: at the waxing, a boy.

. . . If the last child to be born arrived at the waning of the moon, the next will be a girl. But if the birthday was during the moon's increase, the next baby will be a boy.

. . . To eat of the mandrake causes an increase of fertility; to eat it regularly will ensure many male children.

. . . The mother-to-be who has courage enough to walk through the hot embers of a bonfire kindled on May Day evening will have whatever child she desires.

. . . Swallows nesting in a house will bring a matched family—equal numbers of boys and girls.

. . . If the husband wants the baby most, it will be a boy: if the wife has more longing for a child, it will be a girl.

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come in and out again with Hitler as passenger she dismisses as highly unlikely.

On May 24 von Greim committed suicide after capture. Reitsch decided to remain alive for one reason only, she said—"To tell the German people the truth about the dangers of the form of government that the Third Reich gave them."

The tailpiece was told at Nuremberg when Erich Kempka, Hitler's chauffeur, filled in the missing details. Hitler had died, swore Kempka, at two or three o'clock in the afternoon of April 30 after shooting himself through the back of the mouth. He said he had seen Hitler's legs protruding from the blanket in which the body had been rolled.

But what if Adolf Hitler were not really dead after all? Would his continued existence inspire hopes of a resurgence of National Socialism in Germany?

I very much doubt it. A large number of Germans were thoroughly fed up with their Fuehrer before the end of the war, but discipline, propaganda and fear kept them from taking any concrete action against him. Since the end of the war, the revelations of incompetence, brutality, stupidity and selfishness displayed by the Nazi regime have hardened and spread that sentiment of disgust and disillusion with Adolf Hitler and all his works.

Symptomatic of that reaction were the feelings of the German generals. With few exceptions, senior officers to whom I spoke had nothing but resentment and bitterness for Hitler. To them the Fuehrer's great crime was not that he had waged an aggressive and immoral war, but that he had lost it. For that sin both National Socialism and Adolf Hitler will never be forgiven by Germany's military caste.

Hitler Forfeited Loyalty

Salt was rubbed into the wound of defeat by the callous and contemptuous manner in which Hitler handled his military leaders. His ruthless trampling upon the dignity and pride of his commanders even alienated the loyalty of those who had been closest to him. One of these was Colonel-General Sepp Dietrich, who rose from a crude, uneducated butcher to become the most popular military figure in the Waffen S.S.

In March, 1945, Dietrich, as Commander-in-Chief of the Sixth S.S. Panzer Army, was slowly retiring before the Russians when he was ordered by Hitler to make a stand before Vienna. "But there were almost sixty Russian divisions against us," Dietrich explained to me, "and finally we had to fall back into Vienna itself."

Outcome was this wireless message sent to Dietrich: "The Fuehrer believes that the troops have not fought as the situation demanded, and it is ordered that the divisions 1 S.S. 'Adolf Hitler,' 2 S.S. 'Das Reich,' 4 S.S. 'Totenkopf' and 9 S.S. 'Hohenstauffen' be stripped of their armbands."

The armbands to which the order referred had been the proud emblems of these elite Nazi divisions. To withdraw them was like divesting a British Guards Regiment of its title "Guards."

Dietrich told me he summoned his S.S. commanders and, throwing Hitler's message on the table, said: "There's your reward for all that you've done these past five years." He told them not to take down their armbands, and wrote a fiery message to the Fuehrer's headquarters in which he announced that rather than carry out this order he would shoot himself.

Dietrich waited for about a week, and, when no reply had come, he bundled up all his decorations, from the Iron Cross to the Oak Leaves with Swords and Diamonds, and sent them back to Adolf Hitler. Before any repercussions could be felt Hitler was dead and the war was over.

Unpopular as Hitler eventually became, that does not necessarily mean that a new fuehrer would also prove unsuccessful. The Germans' ingrained love of discipline, their desire for revenge and the inevitable years of misery that await the German nation, threaten between them to create ideal conditions for the rise of another dictator.

For if many of the elderly and middle-aged Germans are too broken and tired to take the initiative, there are still plenty of young men who have by no means given up their ambitions. No one better represents Nazi-indoctrinated youth than Major-General Kurt Meyer, who is now serving a life sentence for having incited his men to murder Canadian prisoners of war.

THIRTY-TWO YEARS OLD MILTON SHULMAN, writer of the "Know the Germans" series in JOHN BULL, secured first-hand information about German methods and an insight into the Teutonic character when serving as a Canadian intelligence officer on the Western Front. Following the Wehrmacht's surrender, he was given the job of interviewing senior German commanders. Shulman's articles in JOHN BULL are based on his book, *Defeat in the West*, which is to be published on April 17 (Secker and Warburg, 15s.). Born and educated at Toronto, Canada, Shulman qualified as a barrister in 1937.

I visited this thirty-four years old ex-commander of the 12 S.S. Hitler Jugend Division about three months after the war had ended. Though at this time most senior officers were letting their hair down about the degradation they had undergone under National Socialism, Meyer's first words were: "You will hear a lot against Adolf Hitler in this camp, but you will never hear it from me. As far as I am concerned he was, and still is, the greatest thing that ever happened to Germany."

When Meyer wandered into the political and philosophical field, he might have been the reincarnation of Hitler and Goebbels voicing their cant.

"Germany fought this war for the preservation of western culture and civilization. . . . We had no quarrel with the English or French, but these countries, unfortunately, had no idea of the Russian system of life and its people. . . . The peoples of the East want to sweep away all of western culture as we know it. . . ."

According to Meyer, this eastern threat was not confined to Russia alone. It was a question of the European peoples stemming the advance of the barbaric Asiatic peoples. "So seriously do I believe in this menace," he said, "that I have spoken to many of my young S.S. officers who are in this camp with me. . . . They agree with me that this eastern danger must be dealt with first, and this, in my opinion, includes Japan as well as Russia. I am therefore prepared to offer to the Allied authorities my services, and those of the other S.S. officers in Allied hands, in helping them fight the Japanese." (The war with Japan was not yet over at the time of this discussion.)

Today's Nazi Plotters

Meyer asked for permission to recruit one S.S. division of about 25,000 men from among German prisoners of war against the Japanese—"We will then show you how Germans can fight."

It is men polluted with pseudo-philosophy and military jingoism like Meyer's who are today plotting the revival of Nazism. Recent arrests by Allied security officers in Germany showed that there are still ex-S.S. and army officers whom the war has taught nothing.

That is not to suggest that at this early date there is any real danger of a new German Fascist movement making any serious progress. Nightmare memories of the last days of Nazism are too near to the German people and they are far too concerned with eking out a bare existence to be ready for another nationalist adventure yet.

But should Allied supervision be relaxed, should economic conditions become unbearable, should a new fuehrer with a new message appear—then watch the Germans spring obediently into their uniforms and start heiling and goose-stepping their way to Armageddon.

If the world is to have peace the Germans must be stopped from making war. The Foreign Ministers in conference at Moscow have had to face the responsibility for this task.

Germany will never be anything but a smouldering volcano of ambition, hate and potential aggression unless certain conditions prevail. I would say these conditions are:

(1) Germany must be completely demilitarized—no army, no navy, no air force *of any kind*; no armament factories, no military academies, no military caste, no uniforms.

(2) The huge Allied occupation forces must be evacuated as soon as practicable. A small striking force of armoured and airborne formations is all that is needed to keep order in Germany. This force should, if possible, be under United Nations control.

(3) An adequate and efficient intelligence service should be maintained within the Reich to report to the United Nations any evidence of underground organization or clandestine rearmament. Tank and aeroplane factories cannot be built in secret; subversive movements cannot grow undetected. We knew what was going on in Germany both before and after Hitler came to power. We just were not prepared to do anything about it.

(4) An economic policy must be formulated for Germany that will ensure for her people a reasonable standard of living and some hope for the future. The wholesale stripping of German plants must be stopped; conception of an agrarian Germany abandoned. The world needs the goods that the factories of the Ruhr and Silesia are capable of producing. To attempt to replace an advanced industrial economy with an agricultural one would be a wanton and useless attempt to turn the clock back.

(5) Reparations from Germany must be on a scale that she is able to make without condemning her people to generations of financial bondage.

Guilty Industrialists

(6) Germany's basic industries—particularly coal, iron and steel, and chemicals—must be taken from private owners and turned over to a democratic State.

Industrialists like Thyssen and Krupp were just as responsible as the Nazis and the military caste for the second World War.

(7) A serious effort must be made to teach the Germans democracy. This cannot be done by treating them as if they suffered from some contagious national disease. Increase the supply of books, newspapers, periodicals from both foreign and domestic sources. Organize a large-scale free exchange of political leaders, writers, professors and students between Germany and the rest of the world.

(8) Any political system that is offered to the German people must be acceptable to the majority of responsible democratic leaders in the country. To impose a federated, decentralized government upon Germany without definite assurances that representative party groups are prepared to cooperate would not only entail maintenance of an expensive Allied administrative machine in the Reich, but would arm nationalist, intransigent elements with a telling propaganda weapon.

Federation can only work if the Germans are prepared to make it work. If they are not, then a centralized state, as proposed by the Russians, seems the only answer.

Finally, the Allies must agree not only on the terms of a peace treaty. They must also be prepared to see that those terms are carried out.

If modern statesmanship is not big enough nor able enough to solve the problem of the Reich, then do not be surprised to awake one morning and find that another Hitler has, indeed, emerged in Germany.

Private View of Greer Garson

BRAINY BEAUTY

OUTSIDERS INTERESTED in raising the movies' moral tone like to cite the case of Greer Garson. They point out that her screen appearances have been marked by wifely virtue, restrained charm and even a touch of implied spirituality, and that despite these things she is an ace drawing card.

If virtue packs in the crowds, such moralists argue, why give the public vice?

A psychologist would probably reply that Greer is a double-threat star who can arouse the old "it-might-have-been" feeling in both men and women. A male recognizes in Greer Garson the girl he might have married, if only. . . . As for the women fans, Greer's pictured bravery under adversity and the adoration she inspires in her screen husbands are qualities any woman is sure she possesses if the truth were only known.

Watching Greer, a woman sees her own virtues ideally portrayed on the screen—minus dishwashing and laundry.

But Greer has other assets.

A fantastic amount of energy hums away inside her body. Her face is a mobile instrument over which moods chase each other at command. Her body is eminently satisfactory. Her mane of burnt-orange hair is just what the Technicolor experts would have ordered for her.

One director who worked with Greer says of her that she is a "thoroughbred it would be fun to make love to."

Other stars pull mail from women who want to mother them, from love-sick young men and from Servicemen who collect examples of the body beautiful for barrack-room walls. Greer pulls in all these and more. The "more" being communications from serious-minded business and professional men who have no amorous axe to grind and who only want to tell her that to them she means something fine and satisfying.

Although she is generally thought of as being English, she is really Irish. The early death of her father made things precarious for the Garsons. Greer lived in fear that the privilege of going to school might be snatched away from her. But she won a scholarship when she was sixteen that paid her way through London University.

She clung to her determination to be an actress. Both her grandmother and her mother firmly steered her towards teaching as a profession. As her grandmother put it: "No granddaughter of mine will ever lift her skirts on the stage."

Greer topped off her university course with a year's post-graduate work at Grenoble. Back in London she took a job in market research for an advertising firm. She abandoned this £10 a week job to join the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. In Birmingham she showed a gift for dialect—American, French, Jewish—and collected a scrapbook of favourable notices. But when she trotted these notices around London, no producer would see her. Setting her jaw, Greer retreated temporarily to the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre.

Even if her university degree opened no inner sanctum for her, it made it possible for her to dine at the Women's University Club. One evening she was having dinner there alone when authoress Sylvia (*The Hounds of Spring*) Thompson saw her. Greer was wearing her black *femme-fatale* dress, picture hat, flaming hair, green eyes, white skin and all. Miss Thompson thought she was looking at a visiting actress of no small reputation. Approaching Greer's table she said: "I've been looking at you and you look like the right girl to play the lead in a play I've just written."

Greer drew upon all the acting ability she had been storing away and said casually: "I've two or three other productions in mind but I'll tell you whether or not I'm interested."

Laurence Olivier had already been cast as the star, and Greer played opposite him.

In rapid succession Greer played every kind of role. This kept on for two years, during which her avidness for work allowed her only two weeks' holiday. Envious, and lazier, co-workers fell into the habit of calling her Ca-Reer Garson, a label that afterwards followed her to Hollywood.

Then fate—in the shape of Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—stepped into her life. In London on business, he saw Garson playing in *Old Music*. During the interval, Mayer and Garson met. She had grave doubts about what a camera would do to her but in the end she capitulated for "only an interlude" in pictures.

THE "interlude" has now stretched to nine years. For the first year, the most frightening thing that can happen to an ambitious actress happened to Greer—nothing. She made a test or two but they were promptly pigeonholed. Her year's contract had just a week to run when her luck changed. Director Sam Wood had been given the job of carpentering the James Hilton best-seller, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, into a movie to be made in England. The part of Mrs. Chips was too small to appeal to any established star.

He saw a test Greer had made. A week later she was on her way back to England to work before a camera for the first time.

Speaking of Mrs. Chips, Greer says now: "I asked myself how I could do anything with that sparrow of a woman. My mother comforted me. 'My dear,' she told me, 'the wife in this picture is not a sparrow—she's a dove. Yours will be the privilege of portraying a woman every man would like to have by his side.'"

Greer added a dash of fierce simplicity, and the critics tossed cheers around like confetti. Arriving back in New York for a second try at Hollywood she was besieged by photographers who urged her to perch on the ship's rail with her skirt yanked up. On her first trip to America she had shown her legs docilely; but this was a new Greer. "Use the pictures you took a year ago," she said grimly.

Then the film, *Mrs. Miniver*, transmuted the Garson ore from gold into platinum. Greer protested at being cast as old enough to have a son at Oxford, but in the smoke of that battle she found a husband, Richard Ney. Ney was a young actor who had dropped into the M-G-M lot to say "hello" to a pal and emerged later, somewhat dazed, with a contract in his pocket to play the part of Greer's grown-up son.

AFTER seeing a few of her fan letters, Ney composed one of his own. "I don't want your photograph," he wrote her, "I don't want your autograph. I want you."

He was called up as a naval officer when the United States entered the war. The day before one of his leaves expired, he and Greer were married.

One of Ney's two favourite photographs of Greer showed her in the kilt she wore in *Random Harvest*. The advisability of her appearance in a shimmering expanse of hose was weighed by her studio almost as carefully as was the U.S. Army's decision to drop the first atomic bomb. Said Director Sidney Franklin: "We felt it would be a mistake suddenly to throw her legs at the public so we had kilts made in three different lengths and tried them all out. Finally we decided to use the medium-length ones."

Once, when Greer was invited to attend an M-G-M sales luncheon, she was introduced as Clark Gable's co-star in *Adventure* by a toastmaster who spoke of Gable as "the man who put the 'arson' in Garson." Greer corrected him. "Let's say instead, Garson's the girl who put the 'able' in Gable," she suggested.

PETE MARTIN

THE HUMAN MACHINE — by ROFFE THOMPSON

When Virtue Becomes A Vice

ANY virtue that is thoughtlessly consistent is in great danger of becoming a vice. Blind optimism can be a danger to others as well as yourself. Kindness, untempered by balanced judgment, can be a menace. Good humour, carried to excess, can be one of the world's major irritations.

An American author wrote recently: "I rage at the idiocy of pleading for tolerance when actually the world has always needed intolerance: intolerance of mediocrity, of cruelty, of laziness and stupidity and clumsiness, of knavery and trickery; intolerance of ignorance, of gluttony, of waste."

He said a lot more. He said that most houses are badly built, most farms badly run, most books badly written and most speakers very dull.

Behind the bitterness of this there is more than a little truth; and the truth is that we are all much too complacent.

We see a world that could be efficient and prosperous and happy condemned to inefficiency, helplessness and misery.

Why? I suggest largely because of our vicious habit of always leaving it to someone else to rectify things. And what appears to be nobody's business just doesn't get done.

It is no good perpetually falling back on the old alibi "Am I my brother's keeper?" For the only honest answer is "Yes! Of course you are!" What other basis of orderly society can there be?

as I was saying ... by Herbert Hodge

FACES THAT FASCINATE

I'VE JUST SPENT HALF AN HOUR looking at a woman's magazine. I got absorbed in the beauty hints. Beauty hints are about the only things that interest me in the average woman's magazine. But they interest me a lot. It's as good as going behind the scenes at the theatre.

A man can't help feeling a deep sense of gratitude when he reads of all the trouble a woman takes to make herself look attractive. I know, of course, that she doesn't go to all that trouble merely to please a man. She does it for far more important reasons; notably to please herself.

At least, that's what I suppose; for, although I often make suggestions to women friends of mine on how they could improve their appearance—by changing the way they do their hair, and one thing and another—I notice they never take my advice. The best I can expect is a tolerant smile.

I think that's a pity. Like most men, I've given this subject a great deal of thought. I've often fancied I'd make an extremely good woman's dress designer and beauty specialist. I don't know much about the practical details, but I feel I've got the right eye for the total effect. And that's what counts, as every artist knows.

There are these beauty hints I've been reading, for instance. I feel that their total effect would be quite wrong.

The writer gives the proportions of the "ideal" face; says the distance between the crown of the head and the centre of the eyes should equal the distance between the centre of the eyes and the bottom of the chin, and so on; and then shows how every woman, no matter what shape of face she's got, can arrange her make-up so as to give her this "ideal" effect.

I've got nothing against this "ideal" face, if its owner was born with it. The perfectly balanced face is a rare thing. As a rarity, it's delightful. But if every woman had one, it would be the dullest thing on earth.

Good Looks Jarred

I suppose there are more "ideal" faces to the square yard in Hollywood than in any other town in the world. The reason, of course, is that nearly every American girl who feels she's got the perfect film face tries to get a job there, in the hope that a passing film director will notice her.

I was booked to stay there a week, and looked forward to some very pleasant sightseeing.

There was a time, in my youth, when the sight of a very pretty woman was a bit too much for me. It struck me all of a heap. I was far too deeply stricken to feel happy in her presence. By the time I reached Hollywood, however, I was old enough to be able to look at a beautiful woman as I would at any other beautiful creature—and to derive a similar calm and aesthetic pleasure from the sight.

But after a few days in Hollywood, I found the "ideal" face was beginning to get on my nerves. All the waitresses at the hotel had it. The lift girl had it. The girl at the reception desk had it. Most of the girls behind shop counters had it.

Every woman I met seemed to have perfectly shaped features, perfectly waved hair, perfectly fitting clothes, perfectly varnished nails. . . . It was so unnatural it was like a nightmare—enough to drive a man crazy.

I began to long for the sight of a woman in a sacking apron or a boiler suit, with tousled hair, hands roughened with work, and a smut on her nose. I began, in short, to long for the sight of a *human* woman.

Admittedly, it's all a matter of personal taste, but I like a woman who looks as if she'll stand a bit of wear and tear.

Besides, my natural reaction to the face that looks perfect at first sight is to doubt it. I begin to look for its human imperfections—its awkward angles and bad points. But when I see a face that is obviously imperfect, I begin to look for its good points. The "perfect" face, therefore, is almost certain to be a disappointment; whereas the imperfect face always fills me with hope.

Behind the Facade

The attraction of a face, to my mind, lies in the personality behind it. It's the thoughts and emotions a face expresses that make it beautiful or ugly—quite as much as the shape and proportion of the features.

But, of course, you can't speak of a face as "it." You can't separate the face from the living woman—which, it seems to me, is exactly what some of these beauty specialists are trying to do when they attempt to give a woman's face this "ideal" effect. What's the use of having a perfectly proportioned face if it expresses nothing but the blank impersonality of the beauty parlour?

When you look at portraits of the really fascinating faces of history—the faces of women who have inspired the great poets and the great painters, the faces that have "launched a thousand ships" and all the rest of it—you seldom find one with perfect features. This one's nose is too long, that one's mouth too full, another's cheekbones too high. There's nearly always something wrong somewhere—from the beauty parlour point of view.

The fact is, of course, that we can seldom fully appreciate a really fascinating face at first glance. A good face is like good music; there's far more in it than appears on the surface. Appreciation grows with familiarity. The more you look at it, the more beauty you find. Each newly discovered beauty is a separate new delight; so that you never grow tired of it.

Well, that's the kind of face I like to see on a woman. And that's why I disagree with all attempts to imitate a standard "ideal" type.

Not, of course, that I expect any woman to take any notice of my opinion. I've set this opinion down here for the same reason that a woman beautifies her face—simply to please myself.

★★★ **Each week in this special feature Herbert Hodge gives a wise and witty personal verdict on a controversial subject**

TALKING POINTS ABOUT EASTER

THE WORD EASTER, like the names of the days of the week, comes from the old Teutonic mythology. The Venerable Bede derives it from Eostre, the Anglo-Saxon dawn-goddess.

★ ★ ★

Anthropologists are agreed that the festival was originally a pagan one, connected with the coming of spring. Mithra in Persia, Osiris and Horus in Egypt, and many other deities were especially venerated at the vernal equinox, and in the religion of Osiris the idea of forty days' mourning (Lent) and of the burial and resurrection of the god are found.

★ ★ ★

The Church may have grafted its own festival on to older pagan ones so as to make converts more easily. Rome celebrated the death and resurrection of Attis on March 24 and 25, and there was a very ancient tradition that the Crucifixion took place on March 25.

★ ★ ★

Controversy about the date began early between Jewish and Gentile Christians, and one of the chief aims of the Council of Nicaea (A.D. 325) was to settle it. The Council decided for the first Sunday after the full moon following the vernal equinox. This varies with longitude, and complicated questions of cycles of years enter into the matter.

★ ★ ★

Unfortunately the ecclesiastical full moon is different from that in the heavens. In 1923 this led to the curious result that the Resurrection was celebrated *before* the Crucifixion, the one going by the real moon and the other by the imaginary one.

★ ★ ★

Modern scholarship gives the most likely date of the Crucifixion as Friday, April 7, A.D.30. But Easter may fall on any date between March 22 and April 25.

★ ★ ★

All through this century universities, chambers of commerce and other public bodies have been passing resolutions in favour of fixing the date of Easter. In August, 1928, Parliament passed an Easter Act, fixing the day as the first Sunday after the second Saturday in April, subject to international acceptance—which has never been forthcoming.

★ ★ ★

Observance of the Easter festival grew up in the early centuries of Christianity, and was linked with the idea of the Jewish Passover, since the events commemorated had occurred about the time of that feast. The essential of the Passover—the eating of the Paschal Lamb in commemoration of the exodus from Egypt—was connected with the offering of the spring's first lambs to Jehovah. Paul speaks of Christ as "our Pascha which hath been sacrificed," and the notions of Christ's Passion and the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb became merged.

★ ★ ★

Fire-festivals, with dancing, jumping over the flames, and sometimes the burning of a straw "Judas," have long been common at Eastertide all over Europe, and especially in Germany. Ethnologists explain them either as sun-charms, to procure the necessary summer sunshine, or as ceremonies of purification, to drive out devils or taints in the air.

★ ★ ★

Many egg rituals, symbolic of rebirth, were also taken over from pagan times. In some North country churches the parson would toss up an egg in the pulpit, dancing as he did so, and would then throw it to the choir, who also danced, tossing the egg from hand to hand. In Avenham Park, Preston, thousands of people go egg-rolling every Easter.

THE CLIMBER

by JEAN BOSWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

Dan had thought it clever to give a false clue to his movements, but it cut him off from all hope of rescue. For the first time in his life he knew the meaning of fear

The blood swirled up to his head as he struggled madly to stop the swift decent of the rope

OLD Dan McCoy dropped his coil of rope to the floor, hoisted his *pikau** a little higher, and, leaning across the counter, fumbled in the pocket of his dirty dungarees.

"Here! Gimme a stick o' pipe-fuel an' a box-a matches," he ordered, flinging down a florin of unprepossessing appearance but unimpeachable value. "Not them safeties—I like a match I can strike on the seat of me pants if-suh-be as I need."

The storekeeper grinned good-humouredly as he produced the articles.

"Going climbing, eh, Dan? You're lucky to be making anything out of gum these days."

"That's becus I only deals in first-class re-scrape an' polish," said Dan, "an' that's the only kind that's any good to a firm what makes women's jool'ry an' soovineers an' the like. I got a daddy of a tree this time, too. Nobody's bin near it since it wus bled, I bet a quid, an' it wus only hacked a bit round the bottom at that. If I didn't spot some of the best stuff I ever see up in that crotch, then my name ain't what it wus."

"Up in Daldy's Bush, I suppose."

The old climber opened his mouth to negative the supposition, then suddenly changed his mind and a crafty light in his eyes was hidden by his hastily-dropped lids.

"Yeah! That's right!" he said carelessly and, picking up his rope, began to coil it loosely round his shoulders.

"You want a new rope," said the storekeeper. "You'll be raising trouble for yourself with that old thing yet—and it's too short, too. Why the dickens don't you use the hook and irons? They're quicker and far safer."

"No fear!" returned the old fellow. "You're only out to make a trade, Peter, me boy. The rope's good enough for me, an' this partic'lar bit-a hemp'll do me a long time yet. Got no time for them new fandangles, anyway. No danger at all with the rope, if-suh-be as yuh careful. Well, I'll be movin'."

Daldy's Bush, eh? Old Dan chuckled as he trudged sturdily along. Let them think it wus in Daldy's Bush then! If they once got wind that he'd struck a patch 'way up past Pinner's Point, like as not some of them young hooligans with their newfangled climbin'-irons would be trailin' him up an' beatin' him to it. Daldy's Bush, indeed! They could whack Daldy's Bush to the last leaf an' they'd never find a tree like-as to the one he'd found 'way up Pinner's Point an' beyant.

The great tree stood alone in a deep, wide valley. It was not of remarkable girth but of great height, with a rather bushy head of malformed branches. No other trees stood near it, and the soil surrounding it was bare of even the usual "kauri grass."

It appeared a sinister thing standing there in isolation, as though everything green within reach had fallen a victim to its malignant power, but Dan McCoy had no superstitious ideas and to him the giant tree was merely a goldmine of gum, to be worked at his pleasure and to his profit.

"Ninety feet to the first bough, or I'm a Dutchman," he muttered when at last, puffing and sweating after the two-hours tramp, he sat at the base of the tree and gazed at the towering head, measuring the distance with the keen eye of the veteran climber. "Rope's a bit short all right, but she'll do it."

DAN took off his boots and rested awhile; then, rising, he unwound the rope from his shoulder, coiling it again on the ground ready for the cast, till the throwing-weight—a beautiful pear-shaped piece of polished wood attached to the rope by a thin cord—was swinging lightly in his practised hand.

He tested the weight for the throw, allowing the cord to slip through his fingers till he felt the balance perfect, then twirled it round his head with simply a slight flick of wrist and thumb and sent it rocketing skywards to the second limb. Carrying its burden of rope, it swept in a flashing arc of amber light and fell like a plummet to a dancing dangle just within reach of his outstretched hands.

The rope was too short, but the looped end, with its narrow board seat, was still on the ground; when this was pulled up to his buttocks, ready for him to slip his legs through and seat himself, the weight fell low enough to bring the rope within his grasp. He shouldered his *pikau* again, caught the dangling rope and began to pull himself up in a series of short, rhythmic jerks.

It was a long pull, and several times he gave the rope a half-hitch round his leg and rested for a few moments, steadying himself by pressure of his feet against the great trunk.

When he reached the first bough, he stopped pulling and swung himself into the crotch between bough and trunk, placed the board carefully on the widest part of the limb and stepped out of the loop, then walked along the bough till the branches of the second limb mingled with those of the first, and swung himself monkey-fashion up through the stiff, scarcely yielding twigs.

The old man's eyes glinted as his roving gaze assured him of a rich harvest. In every crack and crotch of the tree there was gum, of such size and quality as would have made a small fortune for the lucky climber in the old days when gum was gold.

Just above his head, in a deep cleft left by a decayed bough, he saw some fine specimens and, adjusting his *pikau*, he squared himself for the job and began to clamber up to the crotch. It was an easy "head" to work, and before long he was straddling the bough while he rapidly scooped away the masses of leaves, cones and small branches that had lodged amid the gum in the cleft.

He tumbled it out excitedly as he saw the magnificent pieces of gum, and it poured in a miniature avalanche down the trunk of the tree. A shower of cones struck the wooden seat of his climbing-rope, disturbing its precarious balance on the lower limb, and the rat-tat-tat of the impact sounded above the scuffling noise of his foraging.

He glanced down — and the blood swirled up to his head in a wave of horror as he struggled madly from his position in a frenzied effort to stop the swift descent of the released rope—the rope that was his sole link between life and a terrible death. He was too late. With bulging eyes he watched the amber plumb flash over the limb and the whole rope go writhing sinuously to earth.

For a full minute Dan McCoy stared down from the awful height. His first conscious feeling was one of nausea, but he controlled it, pressing his stomach hard against the tree and clenching his teeth.

The effort restored his faculties somewhat, and gradually his mind began to function again. He pulled himself together, squaring his back against the massive trunk, forcing himself to take stock calmly and to refrain from staring down at those slim coils that seemed magnetically to claim his gaze.

HE climbed to the top of the tree and stared out over a dense forest, the tree being so high that the rest of the bush was a flooring for his eyes. About five hundred yards away there appeared a break as of an old survey line, and away in the distance down the valley, over the miles of forest, he could see farmlands and what appeared to be a homestead.

But not for an instant did he try to deceive himself that his coo-ees would carry so far. Nevertheless he coo-eed; anything—any sound, rather than this smothering silence.

His hands cupping his lips, he coo-eed again and again, first in a rhythmic cadence, studied and measured, then, as terror mounted, in shrill screams, until his voice broke into guttural croaking—and when no longer articulate he still stood, mouthing the cries his vocal chords refused to utter, while the sun beat down on him and the sweat poured off him in streams.

He clambered down to the main fork again, leaning against the limb to rest his trembling body, but he could not keep his eyes from the top and he knew that he would climb up there again—and again — watching that farmhouse till. . . . He shivered suddenly and began to mutter his thoughts aloud.

"There'll be someone come along—there'll be someone come along, for sure," he repeated again and again. "There's heaps-a people'll miss old Dan. They'll send out to look for old Dan when he doesn't turn up. You bet they will. There's old Peter, the storekeeper, now!

* Maori for pack.

Didn't he know I wus goin' climbin'? Didn't I tell him I wus goin' to——?"

He stopped suddenly, in a bout of sweating agony. Daldy's Bush! He had allowed Peter Harris to think he was going to Daldy's Bush! They'd wait a day or two, and then Peter would tell them—and they would search Daldy's Bush! It would take weeks to comb that bush.

How long would he last? How long could a man go without food? Or water? Thirst! He was overwhelmed by this new terror. Men went mad of thirst. How long would it take? And then he'd jump off. Wouldn't it be better to end it now?

He looked down again—and knew he'd never do that leap till his maddened brain took charge. And suppose he didn't go mad?

His mind switched back to that day when, as a young man, he'd helped fell the giant kauri away up in the ranges, and they had found that skeleton wedged in the fork. The skeleton of a native—a Maori woman, so they found. *She* hadn't gone mad—not mad enough to jump, anyway. She must just have settled herself in that crotch and made up her mind to die.

And then, at last, he saw it! With his aching, staring, bloodshot eyes he saw it. A slender tree—a sapling—the one tree daring to raise its head within—or almost within—the radius of the kauri's mighty spread. He gazed at it with incredulous eyes. It wasn't a mirage. It was there all right: a long drop down—a clear thirty feet—but hope burned white-hot in his heart as his brain measured the chances. A rope now—any kind of a rope that would bear his weight: fix it to that branch, swing gently out with enough momentum to carry him across to that leafy haven, and then—drop, and trust to luck.

FEVERISHLY he turned and ran back to the trunk and clambered up to the cleft where he had left his *pikau*, grasping that corded sack as a man clutches at his last hope.

What were his resources now? The ropes of his *pikau*—thank heaven he had used sash-cord, and double at that!—must be about six feet there; the *pikau* itself—a whole sack, and new; his drill shirt and flannel dungaree trousers, also new; a strong elastic belt; his socks—good woollen ones; a large handkerchief; and a few feet of fishing cord which he found in the *pikau*.

All told, he ought to get at least fifteen feet of a cord stout enough to bear his weight. With his own length added, 'twouldn't be such a terrible distance to drop—and the sapling was leafy. He'd give it a go!

He settled himself comfortably in the crotch, pulled his short-bladed knife from its sheath at his belt, and began on the *pikau*, carefully unpicking the seam so that the sewing-twine itself could be utilized in making his rope, and then cutting the material into broad, even strips, knotting them together as he cut. He was cool again now, and his hand was steady.

Slowly the life-line grew as, garment by garment, he stripped himself to add to its length, till at last he stood, mother-naked, on the bough, and wound his precious bit of improvised cordage round his shoulder. He had at least an eighteen-foot length.

Scrambling down to the lowest bough, he walked confidently along it till he was among its leafy branches and was able to peer through to the saviour sapling.

His hands trembled as he knotted the sash-cord firmly to a sturdy branch, but it was with excitement now, not fear, and he had small call to make on his nerve as he swung himself cautiously off the bough and hung suspended over that giddy depth.

Slowly he let himself down the rope till he reached what he reckoned as safety's margin, and then very gently began to swing, jerking the precious line as little as possible. The tree was nearer than he thought, and it did not take a great deal of momentum to carry him over that crown of leaves.

He braced every nerve for the third and final swing and, as he again saw the reaching green beneath him, he relaxed every muscle and released his hold.

He grabbed wildly as leaves and branches whipped about him, arresting his fall. His naked body received stern punishment from rough twigs and branches, but his complete relaxation of muscle saved him broken bones, and blood and pain alike were unheeded in the mighty relief and exultation that flooded his mind as he slid down that slender trunk to the ground.

For a while he lay prone, exhausted by his recent frenzied climbing and the emotional strain. His fingers clutched the soil, and never was scent sweeter to his nostrils than the aromatic odour that rose from the resinous earth.

Still somewhat dazed, he pulled on his boots and coiled up the fallen rope. Then, with a supreme effort, he forced himself to move and struck off into the bush.

As he walked, his mind began to function normally again and his old vanity and arrogance reasserted itself. He forgot his recent terror; he thought proudly of his exploit; he even grinned as he absent-mindedly tried to slip his hand into his pocket for his knife—and felt his hand slide impotently down his hairy thigh. Naked as the day he wus born, b'God! What a tale he'd have to tell the town!

The old man stopped short. His whistling was cut off in the middle of a bar and his mouth fell open.

IN a small clearing stood a small hut, new, and showing the usual signs of occupation—men's garments strung on supplejack vines, wash-dish and soap on kerosene boxes, while several surveyor's instruments denoted the calling of the occupants. On the sacking door was pinned a short notice, humorously informing any "motorists and other highway men" that the owners had gone to town on "internal affairs," and would return on Wednesday.

Old Dan read the notice slowly. It was dated Monday, and they would be back on Wednesday. Wednesday! That was today! It was well on in the afternoon now; they might be back any minute.

Of all the damnation luck! Here, not 300 yards from where he'd sweated in an agony of fear, help would have been forthcoming. His coo-ees would have been heard and answered. He'd simply lost his head—gone mad in a minute—instead of waiting calmly and sizing up the situation as a man should.

What a laugh these jokers would have when they came and saw him, and heard his tale. His naked, bleeding body would only add zest to the joke. And what a laugh the town would have when they heard. From house to house—from pub to pub—the tale would spread, till the very youngsters would yell after him in the street. He'd be a standing joke. . . .

The old man set his lips grimly. His vanity was too strong, and the memory of his recent horror too painful, for him to allow his great tragedy to be turned into a comic episode. No—they should never know! Never a word of this must ever pass his teeth. Not a soul should see him like this. He'd borrow some of these chaps' togs and get away before they came back.

He snatched a shirt and pair of trousers hanging on the nearest vine and donned them hurriedly as a sound came, from down the line—men's voices raised in song, and shouts of laughter. They were here already. Old Dan took to the bush and made a bee-line for the town.

THE storekeeper stood at his shop-door, watching the old man attach his shining "plumb-bob" to his new rope.

"I knew that rope of yours was too short," he said. "Good thing you found it out before you struck trouble. Must have been a tall tree, though, eh?"

"Yeah," said Dan laconically. "Tall all right. High as a dead horse."

The storekeeper chuckled.

"Why the dickens you don't use the irons I don't know," he said. "They're far quicker, and a lot safer."

"Yuh set on doin' a deal with them irons, ain't yuh?" said the old climber. "Well, just t' please yuh, I might take a set along, though I'll have to discharge me valet to pay for 'em, an' then who'll keep the crease in me trousers? I dessay they'd come in useful climbin' about the head, though, an' I could carry 'em in me *pikau*."

"You'll be using them altogether soon," said the gratified dealer. "They're safer than the rope."

"The rope'll do me," insisted the old fellow obstinately, "an' it's safe enough too. No danger at all, if-suh-be as——"

His fingers clenched suddenly on the rope as a tremor went through him, and he dropped his eyes to hide their momentary horror as his mind raced back to hear again the sighing sound of the rope slithering over the limb—to feel once more the awful nausea as he watched those writhing coils snaking down.

Only for an instant—then his hands steadied again and his fingers flexed easily as he interlaced the last strand while he completed his sentence: "——if suh be as yuh careful," he said nonchalantly, and grinned insolently up into the storekeeper's face.

with my feet up

Movable Feast

Hezekiah Shufflebeam, my Constant Reader, has again taken up his pen. Here is his letter.—IAN FOX.

DEAR MR. FOX,—Easter is upon us. It is called a movable feast because it is staggered. This means that you are never quite sure which day of the week Good Friday falls on.

You eat hot cross buns on Good Friday. Last year my brother-in-law ate three and won three draws in the football pool. He took his wife to Brighton on the Sunday to celebrate. Then he came back and found the coupon in his other suit.

My eldest sister wanted to give her little boy an Easter egg, but she found that the box cost more than the egg. So she tied a piece of ribbon round a packet of dried egg and gave him that. He sold it to the woman next door for three shillings and no points, so I reckon he will be a successful business man when he grows up.

★ ★ ★

They say that on Easter Sunday you should wear something old and something new. I shall wear something old all right. My underpants are so old there is nothing left but the loops the braces go through.

Now I must leave you, hoping that over the holiday you will not get stung by jellyfish or landladies.—HEZEKIAH SHUFFLEBEAM, Your Constant Reader.

OH, JOHNNY! . . . . . **by TIM**

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

GO TO IT—AT HOME

WHEN THINGS WERE BLACKEST and it looked as if Hitler might be in London next week, we mobilized our not-so-young men and created a powerful home guard. Now, when the enemy is lack of workers, can we not mobilize the country's housewives and stay-at-home spinsters?

My idea is a thoroughly organized scheme for homework. Send the work out to people's homes and pay by results. Hundreds of useful articles could be made in the evenings in front of the kitchen fire. The workers thus freed could go into work that can *only* be done in factories.

Think of some of the things women would like to do. Given the sugar, housewives could make all the jam the country needs. Many more light clothing factories could get their making-up done in private homes. Small electrical parts could be assembled during spare evening hours. There is no limit to what could be done if a real campaign were started and we realized we were helping the country over a stile.—MRS. W. FRANCIS, 487 Rochester Way, Eltham, London, S.E.9.

"... things women could do"

Sea Slide

YOUR RECENT ARTICLES on the battle against coast erosion were most interesting. It seems incredible that we persist in ignoring what is, in effect, a death knell.

The position in Yorkshire is alarming. Nearly thirty whole towns and villages between Flamborough and Spurn Head have vanished. Yet, except for an odd paragraph in the papers now and again, no one seems to bother.

Former well-known towns are now merely names. Ravenspurn, once rival port to Hull, stood near Spurn Head. Now all that remains of it is the stone cross that used to be in the market place and has been moved inland to Hedon.

Why do we not do something about it before it is too late?—A. L. OLDFIELD, 25 Stockton Lane, York.

Thugs or Patriots?

MAY I, AS A JEWESS, answer Pte. Ted Gold's letter repudiating terrorism (JOHN BULL, March 22)?

It is true terrorism goes against the very foundations of Judaism and is hateful to Jews. But the Palestine "terrorists" are not mere thugs. They are keen patriots, driven to despair by the sufferings of their people, and willing to risk their lives in pursuit of their ideals.

Try to understand: six million Jews were murdered by the Nazis. The wretched remnants are pining away in camps in Europe, surrounded by the murderers of their families, unable to get away.

They were the innocent—not the guilty—in the war. Imagine members of your family in their plight, barred from the only place in the world where they would be welcome—among their own kith and kin in Palestine.

Is it difficult to understand that in these circumstances young men should lose their heads and, in an effort to right this wrong, do things of which people in a calmer state of mind must disapprove?—MISS NAOMI GRANT, 5 Great Chapel Street, London, W.1.

Summer Time: Boon . . .

THANK HEAVEN FOR SUMMER TIME! Our son, aged two and a half, does not read the papers and still wakes up by winter time, giving his parents a very welcome extra hour's sleep. We are now looking forward to double summer time to give us yet another hour, even if we shall only be able to benefit by it on Sundays.—MRS. A. KAY, 35 Dorchester Court, Herne Hill, S.E.24.

. . . or Bane?

SUMMER TIME is serving a useful purpose this year but many parents must be dreading the coming of double summer time. What is the best way to get over the difficulties with children? Bedtime for them is a real problem when it is light till ten o'clock at night. If we ever get any hot weather, blacking out bedrooms will not help.—F. C. BUSH, 42 Hewitt Road, Hornsey, London, N.8.

Unsporting

THE BANNING OF MID-WEEK SPORT to end absenteeism seems rather a high-handed action against the very people on whom the country depends—the working classes.

The newspapers scream at us to work harder to get Britain on her feet again. Now, it seems, we must give up the traditional relaxation of sport.

It would be far easier to punish the absentees than to punish everyone. I am reminded of one of your old *Bullets*—"Quiet Chap—Englishman, but try silencing."—R. J. SMITH, 40 Newton Road, Faversham, Kent.

Travesty of Justice

HARRY HOPKINS'S article, "Justice Costs Too Much," was timely. I saw a workman's patent pirated deliberately by a wealthy company which knew he had not the means to defend his property. The man was ruined in the end.

A cyclist, injured on the road, was offered £25, then £75 and finally £125. He obtained judgment with costs for £1,500. The insurance company appealed to a higher court, the cyclist thus being faced with the prospect of heavy costs. A club guaranteed the costs and the insurance company paid up.

But what a reflection on our legal system and business morality.—W. T. WARDALE, 31 Hastings Road, Millhouses, Sheffield, 7.

School for Snobbery

IN A RECENT LECTURE given by the head of a secondary school the girls were told that they must not wear head scarves as these gave them the appearance of factory workers.

Is it any wonder that the textile industry round here is suffering from shortage of workers if this sort of snobbery is encouraged?—J. HILL, 31 Exley Grove, Ingrow, Keighley, Yorkshire.

Conscript the Builders

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to Aneurin Bevan? I have the greatest respect for him as a man, and think he is honest and energetic. But in the twenty-two months since the war in Europe ended I have not personally seen a single permanent house being built in London.

Surely twenty-two months are enough to show visible signs of action.

Nobody wants compulsory action where it can be avoided, but that would be preferable to the present state of affairs.

Let the Government create a "Building Army," conscript all the workers in the industry, take over factories producing the materials, and appoint a "housing dictator," with orders to build a million houses by the end of next year.—VICTOR PATON, Whitehaven, Clifton Road, Chesham Bois, Bucks.

The Mixture—as Not Prescribed

A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE recently had to spend a night in a railway waiting-room. Thirst was the worst part of it, she said, adding: "I had a bottle of medicine with me, so I passed it round and we all drank that." It may have done more good than the doctor expected.—K. SISSONS, 9 Hessle Drive, Boston, Lincs.

"... passed the bottle round"

Pity the Grocer

WHEN DRIED EGG SOLD at 1s. 9d. a tin the grocer got 3d. profit. Now the price has been increased to 2s. 6d. his profit is still 3d.

The poor old grocer already puts in countless hours of unpaid work for the Ministry of Food. To allow him only 3d. on 2s. 6d. is rubbing it in with a vengeance.—G. RUDRAM, 82 Waveney Crescent, Lowestoft.

Domestic Service?—No!

PEOPLE LIKE THE sixty-year-old domestic servant who wrote to JOHN BULL in praise of housework infuriate me.

She has the old-fashioned ideas of her generation. Some of us were born in a different age.

When domestic workers get as good wages and conditions as the people in the factories—and not until—will there be enough "home helps."—MISS F. A. LIVESEY, Irashiai, Crete Road West, Folkestone.

Army Dis-order

TWICE WHILE MY SON was in military hospital, military police came to arrest him for being absent from his unit. Now, when he is on demobilization leave, I have had a letter from the regimental paymaster asking me to return my Army pay-book as my son is "absent without leave."—D. B. D. (Name and address supplied.)

Britain is Slipping

JUST RECENTLY I had some interesting and enlightening talks with Dutchmen revisiting this country for the first time since the war. Their opinion is that Britain is on her last legs.

After seeing what we have to put up with over food and fuel they suggested that Holland ought to send food parcels to this country.

Just what it wrong with us? How is it that little Holland—raped, denuded and occupied for years—can recover so quickly while we seem to be on the down grade?—F. BLAKELY, Belgrave, Bury Old Road, Heywood, Lancs.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

AUSTRALIA

(1) Why did some people object to the new Governor-General? (2) Marsupials abound in Australia; what are they? (3) Which were the two great gold boom towns in Australia? (4) What is the meaning of the cry "White Australia"? (5) What is the Great Australian Bight?

MEDICINE

(1) What is a vaccine? (2) What is gangrene? (3) Herbert Morrison has thrombosis; what is that? (4) Do children suffer from purely growing pains? (5) What happens in an acute attack of gout?

FISHING

(1) What method is usually employed to catch trout? (2) What bait is used in "spinning"? (3) Who wrote *The Compleat Angler*? (4) May you poison a fish to catch it? (5) What is the principal quarry in British big-game fishing?

PARABLES

(1) When the sower went forth to sow, some of his seeds fell upon good ground; where did the others fall? (2) What answer did the prodigal son's father give to his complaining brother? (3) What had happened to the man helped by the Good Samaritan? (4) Which seed is "the least of all seeds, but, when it is grown, is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree"? (5) What is the moral of the parable of the vineyard?

THE UNIVERSE

(1) What is a light-year? (2) What is a nebula? (3) Can you name in order of size: the earth, the sun, the moon? (4) What is the Milky Way? (5) Which is the brightest star in the heavens?

(*Answers on page* 19)

For close-up charm

Attractive teeth are the secret of a charming smile. If you value your personal appearance, use Kolynos twice a day. Kolynos, the protective tooth paste, penetrating where the brush cannot reach, keeps your teeth sparkling-white.
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Frank SINATRA
Tony MARTIN
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Virginia O'BRIEN

SO MANY STARS WE MUST LIST THEM ALPHABETICALLY!

PLUS 25 SUPERB JEROME KERN HITS!

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Custody of the Child

"TWO YEARS AGO my friend divorced his wife, who subsequently remarried. Soon afterwards he sent the children to her, agreeing to pay their maintenance until the age of sixteen. The eldest will reach sixteen shortly and my friend wants to know if he can claim the boy back again."

▸▸ Your friend will be unable to claim the custody of the boy when he is sixteen. At that age he can decide for himself with which parent he would like to live.

Back Rent

"LAST SUMMER WE WERE infested with rats and although the professional rat-catcher came for twelve days he could not get rid of them. The sanitary inspector said that the place needed drastic repairs to make it habitable. The landlord was unable to pay for this and gave us notice to quit, stating that no more rent would be payable. The house has now been sold, and the agent of the former landlord has demanded payment of rent from early August (when we were given notice) till the end of January (when the place was sold). Can he demand this back payment?"

▸▸ If you were given permission to live in the house rent free you do not appear under any obligation to pay the back rent.

Corrected Invoice

"I ORDERED A SUIT of clothes last May, the price being £5 0s. 1d., on which I paid a deposit. The suit was ready in December and I settled the bill. Weeks later I was told that the correct price should have been £6 5s. 9d. and was asked to forward the extra £1 5s. 8d. Can I be compelled to pay?"

▸▸ If the agreed price for the suit was £5 0s. 1d. you do not appear to be obliged to pay more.

Tenancy After Death

"MY MOTHER HAS LIVED in the same house for thirty years. If she died, could the landlord turn my sister out? She has lived with my mother all her life and is becoming anxious about it."

▸▸ If your father was the original tenant and on his decease the tenancy passed to your mother, it would cease at her death and your sister would be compelled to go. But if your mother was the original tenant your sister can remain.

Repayment of Loan

"IN 1942 I BORROWED £105 for my daughter's college education, the loan—free of interest—being repayable at the rate of £21 a year for five years. Can I claim income tax relief for this annual repayment?"

▸▸ The repayment of a loan is regarded as a capital transaction, and as such it does not give rise to income tax relief.

Reduced Benefit

"FOR SOME YEARS we have been working a forty-eight hour week in five days. But when, owing to the electricity cut, we were temporarily unemployed the employment exchange refused to pay the full unemployment benefit because we do not work on Saturdays. We lost a full week's wages and feel entitled to full benefit for which we have been paying our contributions. Can you throw any light on the matter?"

▸▸ You are advised to inform the employment exchange that you wish to appeal against the decision not to pay benefit for the full week. The fact that you do not work on Saturdays does not prevent the allowance of unemployment benefit for Saturdays since you do the statutory forty-eight-hour week.

Increased Rates

"I PAY AN INCLUSIVE RENTAL for my house. My landlord has demanded back payments for increase of rates, but I have heard that he cannot increase the rent in this way without giving seven days' notice. Is this correct?"

▸▸ Your landlord may give you a week's notice to increase your rent by the amount of any increase in rates, but he cannot claim for back rates.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 17

AUSTRALIA. (1) Because they said he was a politician and the post was being made a political plum. (2) Animals with pouches, such as kangaroos. (3) Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie. (4) Keep Australia free of coloured races by banning their immigration. (5) A large bay along the southern coast.

MEDICINE. (1) A substance injected to cause the formation of antibodies so that immunity is established. (2) Death of a part, plus infection. (3) Clotting inside a blood vessel. (4) No, there is no such thing. (5) The uric acid in the body is deposited as crystals in a joint.

FISHING. (1) Fly fishing. (2) Either real or imitation small fish, swivelling away from the intended victim. (3) Izaak Walton. (4) No, it is against the law. (5) Tunny.

PARABLES. (1) Some by the wayside, some upon stony places, and some among thorns. (2) "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." (3) He had fallen among thieves. (4) The mustard seed. (5) The last shall be first and the first last; for many be called but few chosen.

THE UNIVERSE. (1) It is 5,852,700 million miles — the distance light travels in a year, at 186,000 miles per second. (2) It is a mass of glowing gas cooling into stars. (3) The sun, the earth, the moon. (4) A broad, luminous belt in the heavens, composed of innumerable stars, at huge distances from the earth. (5) Sirius.

Switzerland's calling YOU!

HERE is lovely Lucerne, waiting to welcome you and a companion as John Bull's Holiday guests. Yes, enter this weeks best *Bullet* and, to celebrate winning a First Prize doubled to £600, you will be invited to enjoy a Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two!

Big Cash-plus-Seaside Holiday awards support this Contest's thrilling First Prize. Post your coupon from this page by Monday, April 14—and a grand Cash-plus-Holiday prize may well be yours!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,573 (or Xword 525), John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

PRIZES value over £1,250 won—"BULLETS" 1,569

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 plus Millionaire's Weekend:

J. E. Hurley, "Gharwal," North Street, Williton, Taunton:

Dalton's Box — Mustn't Be Incentive's "Coffin."

SECOND PRIZE, £100: W. A. Solley, 3 Stanley Road, Ramsgate: **Happy Worker—Week's Guaranteed — Years Safeguarded.** THIRD PRIZE, £25: F. W. Fairhurst, 17 Tabley Street, Mossley, Nr. Manchester: **India's Choice — Granted — Now India, Choose!**

TEN PRIZES OF £10: Miss E. Aldridge, 65 Tivoli Crescent, Brighton: **Dalton's Nest-egg—"Cracked" By Winter's "Grip."** Mrs. M. Coulthard, 141 Brookside, Raffles, Carlisle: **Goes To Bed—And Counts *Horses*, Dad!** T. Hollingsworth, 1 Romford Street, Pallion, Sunderland: **Happy Worker—He's Mastered Artificial Hands.** Sergeant A. Jones, R.A.F., Maida, Moss Street, Elgin, Morayshire: **Happy Worker—The Week's Good *Because*.** Mrs. D. Pratt, 144 Clive Street, Grangetown, Cardiff: **In Moscow—No "*No's*" Good News?** Miss S. A. Rickard, Moynes Court, Nr. Chepstow, Mon.: **When I'm Weakest—Hearing, "You're So Strong!"** Miss M. Shipley, c/o 61 Hook Road, Goole, Yorks: **Tenderly — Tend Elderly.** C. L. Smart, 14 Parkside Road, Moss Side, Manchester, 14: **Real Progress — From "Drift," Through "Blizzard"?** E. C. Thompson, 3 Lumley Street, Loftus, Yorks: **Justice Prevailed And—*Profiteer* Paid "Legal Price"!** H. G. West, 38 Mill Road, Eastbourne, Sussex: **Sackcloth And Ashes—Landlady's Bed And Breakfast!**

25 prizes of £1, 100 Season Tickets and 2,000 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

£100 AND HAMPERS FOR THIS XWORD

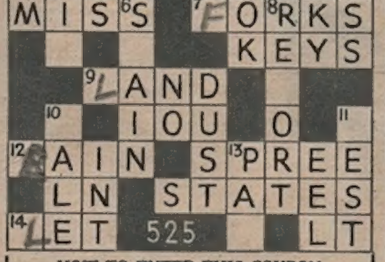
In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 50 Big Hampers—one with each prize value £1 and over in this Crossword. Post Square by Monday, April 14

Across Clues XWORD 525

1. Seasoned wood makes a better one
4. There's something laughable about one kind of this
7. These will be in evidence if much toasting is being done
9. One hates to be peremptorily turned off
12. There are occasions when it will make youngsters cry
14. Woman's not so likely to associate "flat" with this

Down Clues

1. Is always something of a gamble
2. After storm, occasionally comes clean
3. It sometimes helps headmaster to be able to see through
5. The idea of sticking one would make most of us shudder
6. On conscience of some politicians
8. Smart one is spoilt, if everyone knows it
10. Gossip is inclined to forget all about it once it's blown over
11. It may well be that lack of this makes tired, old man fretful
13. You'll possibly be surprised at what comes out if you upset one



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 26, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., APRIL 14

No. **525**

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

Cheques & Hampers Won — Xword 521

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS: 1, Bitter or Butter. 3, Pay. 4, Metal. 5, Taps. 8, Lorry. 13, Blunder. DOWN: 1, Bottle. 2, Report. 3, Page. 6, Store. 7, Cheat. 9, Pine. 10, Crime. 11, Oak. 12, Dun.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: J. Beard, 42 Kent Road, St. Helens; Mrs. I. M. Elsmore, 156 Dawlish Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29; J. L. Sherman, 16 Weihurst Court, Carshalton Road, Sutton; Mrs. E. Tapper, 7 Baines Cottages, High Wycombe.

Winners each receive Easter Hamper in addition. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 55 entrants.

How to Make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

FACE OF BRITAIN
TO CHEER US UP
HUMANITY'S NIGHTMARE
AT THE WESTMINSTER GAS-WORKS
JOB THAT MUST WAIT
SENTRY UNO
TOIL, TEARS AND SWEAT
GROCER STRACHEY
DOGGEDLY
WHAT MARRIAGE MEANS
EASY TO SEE
TREASURED POSSESSION
WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN
IT'S MADDENING, BUT
SPORT
GETTING UP STEAM
GARDENER DAD
FURTHER OUTLOOK
SANDY'S BOOKIE
ENCOURAGEMENT HELPS, SO

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

THE.....CRISIS
GIVEN TO.....
"YOU'RE.....ME!"
IN HIS.....
.....ARGUMENT
WHETHER WE.....OR

£600 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Second £50
Third £25
5 of £10

7 cash prizes above each plus

SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

5 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5
50 of £1
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated April 26 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

386

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,573** MON., APR. 14

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Beware fashion doesn't deal you a JOKER

Once we used to discard unhappy choices—nightmare hats, ill-fitting shoes. Today, with coupons to count, we try and make do. This making do, when it comes to shoes, is most harmful. Ankle wobble, that creeps in unawares (though others notice and criticize) may be undermining your poise and self-confidence. Avoid this danger by choosing shoes that clip closely and snugly under the ankles—if possible, Styl-EEZ.

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